

Bravo, Neville!

Reduced for **2^D**
one month to

THE

SATURDAY

REVIEW

Volume 161

20th June, 1936

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

"WHAT I HAVE SAID, I HAVE SAID"

—Joseph Chamberlain

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has upset the Political apple-cart and the rotten apples from the garden of Eden have tumbled into the gutter.

In answer to a statement made by Lord Cecil, President of the League of Nations, calling for the continuance of the policy of Sanctions Mr. Chamberlain said :—

"The Italian affair in Abyssinia has resulted in a grievous estrangement between two countries with a long and unbroken record of friendship behind them.

"The policy of collective security based on sanctions has been tried and has failed.

"We have tried unilateral disarmament in the hope that other countries would follow our example. It has proved a complete, a costly, and a dangerous failure."

AT LAST Mr. Chamberlain you are saying what England has been Thinking for a very long Time.

Keep it up

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

the Country is with you



Reprinted from the "Evening News"

EDEN MUST GO

THE Government is on the eve of abandoning sanctions. They were a blunder of the first magnitude. It is too late to retrieve the worst effects of the blunder, but something can be done to save the national prestige if we return to the old, healthy system of sacking the arch-blunderer.

Mr. Baldwin sacked Sir Samuel Hoare when he thought that the Hoare-Laval proposals did not meet with the nations approval. When he discovered that Sir Samuel was right and that the bellowing sanctioneers had merely made the last state of Abyssinia worse than the first, he recalled him to the Government.

Well and good. It is now Mr. Eden's turn to go.

Mr. Eden must go because he is the fervent young man who has held the country's nose to the sanctions grindstone, and because as long as we keep him our abandonment of sanctions will still leave us, in the eyes of the world, a nation of incorrigible sanctioneers.

It is idle to pretend, as some newspapers do, that sanctions are purely a matter for the League of Nations, that Mr. Eden has done nothing but register this country's adherence to the League's collective decisions.

That is a cowardly and face-saving attitude that deceives nobody. It was Great Britain that set the bobbery pack of little nations baying on the sanctions trail, and it is Mr. Eden who, in the mind of every foreigner, is the official British oriflamme of the League of Nations' Union, the Trades Union Congress, the remnants of the Liberal Party, and all the other trouble-mongering folk whose truculent demand for more and harsher sanctions is only equalled by their determination that this country shall under no circumstances be able to defend herself against the enemies that sanctioneering must inevitably bring against her.

Mr. Eden is British Sanctioneer No. 1. Sanctions put him into the Foreign Office and the abandonment of sanctions as a blunder should put him out again.

The country can, perhaps, live down a blundering Government. It should not be asked to stultify itself by inviting the Minister personally to blame for the blunder to stay in office and blunder another day.

The SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

*Written Only for Men and Women Who
Love Their Country*

No. 4211. Vol. 161
20th JUNE, 1936

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Two Foreign Ministers :

One sent off with a flea in his ear,
because he was right.
The other patted on the back, and called
"poor dear,"
because he was wrong.

♦♦

Final Victory

Mr. Chamberlain's speech heralds final victory for those who have fought to keep the country out of a wanton war. On Thursday, Mr. Baldwin went so far as to say that he "made no complaint" concerning what his Chancellor had said. That ought to mean that the long battle for sanity is won—even though Mr. Baldwin has left himself an emergency exit.

Mr. Chamberlain is too powerful, once he has uttered such opinions so vigorously, to allow them to be swamped by Mr. Eden's. Our Government led in the imposition of sanctions. It should lead in taking them off.

Before leaving this unhappy subject, prominence should be given to the statement of Mr. Henry Dobinson, secretary to the British Legation at Addis Ababa from 1926 to 1928, and just back after six months with the British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia. Is he acceptable as a reputable witness? Then this is what he said in Thursday's *Morning Post* :—

"Those six months made me completely change my opinions. I went there to help what I considered the under-dog fight against unfair odds, as many another man did. And, in company with many others, I was glad that the Italians won."

They Fought Among Themselves

He described the corruption, savagery and conditions of civil war that existed there: "Each of the many nations of which the country was made up loathed the others, and at the first opportunity they flew at each other's throats. . . . There was no gratitude to the Red Cross units, and no anxiety to use them, since they were completely callous in their attitude towards the wounded."

If the League of Nations Union is honest, and not merely hysterical, it will call yet another meeting in the Albert Hall, and let Mr. Dobinson tell his full story, with the usual serried rows of indignant clerics on the platform forcing themselves to hear the truth. This is the most important evidence this country has yet heard on a subject clouded by every possible form of political gas warfare.

COLLINSON OWEN in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

♦♦

Revolt Against Sanctions

The Duchess of Atholl's resignation from the League of Nations Union on the ground that sanctions should at once be called off will have a great effect. It follows closely upon Mr. Neville Chamberlain's vigorous speech to the 1900 Club, in which he denounced sanctions and their risks with admirable force.

Mr. Baldwin, questioned in the House of Commons yesterday as to the precise interpretation to be placed on this speech, described its treatment of sanctions as a "personal reflection." But coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister's right-hand man, a "personal

reflection " shows clearly which way the stream is flowing.

Mr. Chamberlain warned the country that "the policy of sanctions involves risk of war," a risk which increases in proportion to the effectiveness of the sanctions and the incompleteness of the League. Let us run the risk no longer.

Bury sanctions, and we may recover something of our old friendship with Italy, which is of such overwhelming importance to us in the Mediterranean.

Daily Mail.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton

Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, the famous writer—known affectionately as "G.K."—died yesterday from a heart attack at his country home, Top Meadow, Beaconsfield (Bucks), at the age of sixty-two.

He had been on a holiday in the south of France until just over a week ago, and became ill on his return. His wife was with him at the end.

For thirty years golden words had flowed from his pen to enrich English literature.

And he had wanted to become an artist!

No other writer ever equalled his versatility. His titles read like an assorted catalogue:—Ballads, poetry; books on eugenics, the country-



The late Mr. G. K. Chesterton

side; romances, a history of England; biographies of Shaw and Browning; plays; and detective stories of superlative merit (Father Brown); political and social articles, and provocative essays on every topic under the sun.

Daily Mirror.



Other Places, Other Manners!—By Poy.

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Reprinted from the "National Review."

LET'S PRETEND

The National Party's Policy

The Council of the League, at their meeting on May 11th, brought us back to the old policy, almost sanctified now by usage, of "Let's pretend." Let's pretend that the Emperor did not take flight. Let's pretend that his life was in no danger during the last few days prior to his departure. Let's pretend that he had not forfeited the support of the chief tribes over whom he had maintained in some cases a somewhat nominal sovereignty. When Japan invaded Manchuria and established the State of Manchukuo, with the Emperor Pu Yi as the head of that State, the League of Nations at Geneva, as indeed also the British Government, refused to recognise the existence of the new State. Refusal to recognise the existence of Manchukuo has, curiously enough, failed to blot out that State from the map of the world. Nor is it likely, to put it mildly, that the refusal of the Council of the League to recognise the annexation of Ethiopia by Italy can in the slightest degree alter the military situation in that part of the world.

Let's Pretend

Different games amuse different children. It may be that the game of "Let's pretend" appeals to the imagination for purposes of prevarication at Geneva, and to the fanatics of the League of Nations Union in this country. But it cannot alter facts. These are that the League of Nations declared Italy the "aggressor" because Italy had technically broken the Covenant. They reached their decision without proper regard to the merits of the case. Having made this decision, no alternative was left open to the League. Article 16 came into force automatically; economic sanctions were applied, military sanctions were not and could not have been applied. The aggressor invaded Abyssinia; the aggressor triumphed; the aggressor annexed Abyssinia; the victorious Marshal Badoglio was appointed Viceroy; the King of Italy assumed the title of Emperor of Ethiopia. The sanctions which were applied did not prevent the Italian invasion; they did not restrain the aggressor; they did not prevent the victory of the aggressor. Sanctions failed, and with their failure the whole system of the League failed also. The situation does not end there. That is only the beginning. The Italian Press considers—and certainly many French and German newspapers agree with it—that the League, at the behest of one nation (Great Britain), opposed Italy's aims; and that Italy successfully defeated the collective might of the British Empire and of

the League of Nations. Who is responsible for this failure? Mr. Eden has been the prime advocate of Collective Security, Geneva, the League, and all the rest of it for many years past. Mr. Baldwin, as head of H.M. Government, has the power and cannot now shirk the responsibility. It is, however, many a long day since the Prime Minister answered a political argument with another political argument. He invariably shifts the discussion to a different plane, such as "x number of years ago I put my hand to the plough, and I will not turn back till I have reached the end of the furrow." When Parliament met to



debate the situation arising from the collapse of the whole League system and its sanctions, Mr. Baldwin did not even rise from his seat. He said nothing at all, not even that he stood where he did—wherever that might be.

The League's Responsibility

Meanwhile, the League of Nations Union and all the other League fanatics have their apologies ready. Italy only won, they say, because she used gas. She "blasted her way to victory" by poisoning men, women and children. There is nothing to be gained by wilful perversion of the truth. In that connection there are two aspects of the matter which deserve attention. Firstly, that Abyssinian resistance was shattered in three decisive battles with the armies of Marshal Badoglio, namely, the battle of Amba Aradam, the battle of Amba Alagi, and the battle of Lake Ashangi. In none of these battles did the Italians use gas; and it was only after Abyssinian military resistance had been completely broken by mistaken Ethiopian tactics against the Italian forces with their superior equipment that gas was used. Secondly, when it was used the Italians did not "blast their way to victory" by its use. What they did was to safeguard their flanks with mustard gas, and it should be recognised that whenever mobile forces are used in modern warfare, the use of gas for protection of flanks remains the most effective weapon for so doing. This may be dis-

agreeable, but it is a *fact*. It is also a *fact*, and it had better be considered by all those who talk about "blasting one's way to victory," that in no war in the future, whether in Europe or in any other continent, will any nation, ourselves included, be able to protect flanks of mobile columns by any other means; and that, since this is so, every nation, ourselves included, will certainly resort to these means. This may be disagreeable, but it is so; and, for once, it may be wise not to play the game of "Let's pretend." Nevertheless the use of gas for whatever purpose must be, and is, regarded as one of the most horrible methods of modern warfare. One aspect of it in this connection has, apparently, not occurred to Mr. Eden or to the Council of the League of Nations.

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Disinterested Action

It is the leadership and the mentality of our leadership which is at fault. Mr. Eden, speaking in defence of a policy which he has long advocated and which has so humbled the name of England, said that at least our motives had been disinterested. What a grossly improper statement! Mr. Eden, as Foreign Secretary, is a Minister of the Crown paid to maintain and defend British interests in the world whether these are spiritual, moral or material. The only excuse for any national action in international affairs can be maintenance or defence or furtherance of a British interest. To take any other line lays this country open to grievous suspicion and to the charge of hypocrisy; and that, of course, is what happened. There were not few, but many on the Continent who said that when Britain pretended to act disinterestedly she preened herself on an international morality which she declared superior to that of any other nation. Some went so far as to imply that Britain had in this respect usurped the functions of the Almighty. It may be noted, however, that Sir Samuel Hoare was as guilty in this respect as Mr. Anthony Eden. Sir Samuel, in his speech at Geneva last September, made the same claim that British action in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute was wholly disinterested and undertaken merely as a member of the League in the interest of the League. In consequence of this attitude he cut very much less ice than he otherwise would. Why should he have been so afraid to tell the truth? The truth was not unpalatable.

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For What Purpose?

The truth in his eyes—he may have been right or he may have been wrong—but the truth in his eyes was that Britain was in the happy position of furthering her own Imperial interests (keeping open the trade routes to the Far East), while simultaneously supporting the League of Nations and the principle that aggression should not be allowed to pay. Thus is the climax reached. Signor Mussolini orders Baron Aloisi and the

Italian Delegation to leave Geneva. Geneva decides upon the continuance of Sanctions in the meanwhile. For what purpose? Their maintenance must either succeed or fail. Should they fail, the Sanctionist policy will appear even more ludicrous than it already does. Should they "succeed," their success will lie in squeezing Italy economically to such a point that she is driven to war with ourselves in the certain knowledge that we are unlikely to receive the military support of any other country with the possible exception of France. One thing is clear—neither Signor Mussolini nor the Italian people can be made to disgorge the fruits of their victory.

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The Solution

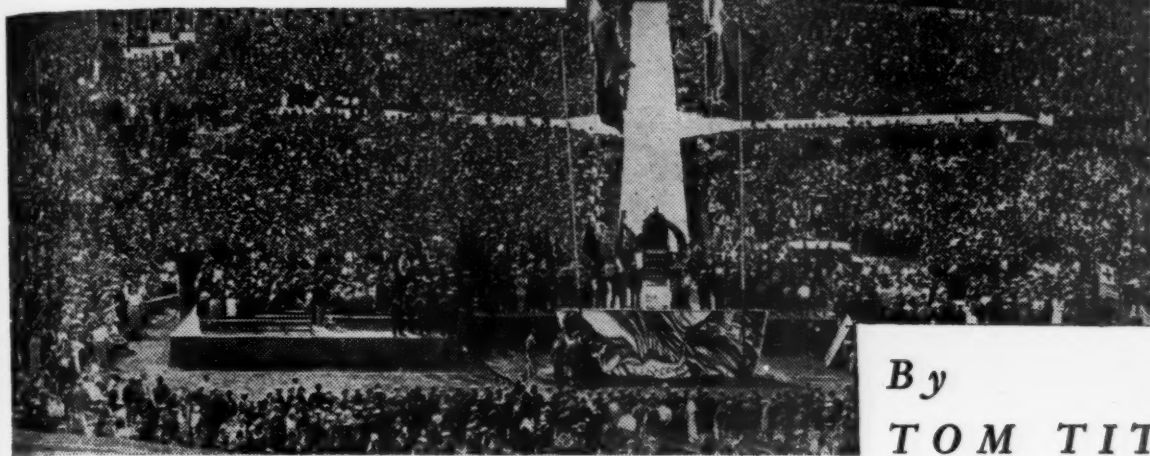
Where, then, do we stand? The Government, having led us into the maze, complain that they can find no way out, and look as if they hoped that somebody might somehow find a solution. The solution, if by now one remains, must lie in a change of leadership, a change of mentality, and a change of policy. Incidentally, the time has come when the League of Nations Union might well recognise that of all the societies in Britain they should now be the last to have the effrontery to dare to offer advice on foreign affairs either to the British Government or to the public. During the last few years that they have played so prominent and vociferous a part, their advice has been wrong, their information misleading, their analysis fallacious, and their insight nil.

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Confusion of Thought

The mistake which has been committed lies in the fact that League enthusiasts forgot that the object of the League was Conciliation, and neither punishment nor coercion nor revenge. Sanctions which have been punishment would, if continued, be revenge. The idea of revenge has nothing to do with the ideal of peace. Italy must be brought back into the comity of nations; British interests must be considered and furthered by Ministers of the Crown, our Defences must be put in order, the Air Force extended, the Army re-equipped, battle-ships replaced, cruisers and destroyers increased in calibre and in number. Given adequate defence, this country will be able to give closer attention to Imperial affairs and to domestic issues, which have so long been neglected owing to the pressure of the European situation. Dangerous as that situation remains, it is now clear that the present tension and uncertainty in Europe will not continue indefinitely as at the present time: during the lifetime of the present Parliament there will be either an appeasement in Europe or things will gradually (or possibly suddenly) work up to a climax and to that final catastrophe which all desire to avoid.

HOW LONG, O LORD, How Long?



A crowd of 200,000 who were only some of the Communists who celebrated in Paris their victory at the elections.

By
TOM TIT

HOW long, O ye gods and little fishes, how long will this great country, this great people and this great Empire keep its temper and its patience with the down-trodden worms who sit in the seats of the once mighty—and not only allow but compel Britain to rot into utter and irreparable ruin?

How long? I ask, O men of England, O women of England, will you show mercy to the traitors within your gates who are secretly conspiring with the Bolsheviks of Geneva, Paris and Moscow, to destroy you and your great Dominions, Colonies, and possessions which cover a quarter of the earth?

A Soviet Cabal has dragged France to destruction and France is harnessed to the slave-chariot of Moscow, and is being flogged to her doom by the slave-drivers of Stalin and Litvinoff.

The Red Revolution which murdered the Russian people is being made ready to be repeated in every detail in every factory, every business, every shop and every hotel in Britain directly the time is ripe.

The plan of Lenin is being carried out in every city and every town in fair France. The devilish plan has been planned for years and it has succeeded in Paris just as it succeeded in Moscow.

It will be carried out in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, Belfast, and all over Great Britain when the hour of red ruin arrives.

The two great obstacles to the Red Revolution in Europe are Italy and Germany.

The greatest of these iron walls of defence against the Reds is Germany under the leadership of Adolph Hitler.

Hitler and Mussolini are ready to join Britain in saving Europe. Woe to Britain if she falters in the fogs and bogs of treason and betrayal!

Rise, O men and women of England, Scotland, Wales and Ulster against your hidden enemies and get rid of them before they lead you into the bloody Dance of Death.

Rise now! Strike now! Do not trust the creatures who have paralysed your Navy, your Army and your Air Force.

Stop the rot to-day and do not wait until to-morrow.

See what these traitors have brought you to in Palestine, where Scottish regiments are protecting Bolshevik Jews against the righteous wrath of the loyal Arabs who fought with Lawrence and Allenby.

Let us deliver the Arabs from their tyranny and their intrigues, before the whole Moslem world proclaims a Holy War in defence of its rights and liberties.

There is only one way to save the British Empire, Make friends with Germany and Italy, and fight by their side against the Russian peril which will drench Britain as well as Europe in blood.

Damn Geneva! Damn Eden! Damn Sir Eric Drummond!

Mussolini and Hitler are men. Where is our Man? God knows where, unless His Majesty the King dismisses the swarms of treasonable vermin who ought to have been impeached long ago and sent to the old block in the Tower.

Our soldiers will not fight for the Reds in Moscow or Paris. They will not die for the Reds in the East or in the West.

Hitler and Mussolini are ready to fight against the Reds and we must fight with them, or most surely perish.

Britain, Germany and Italy can save Europe if they stand firm together.

If Britain shows the white feather now she will be utterly destroyed.

THE DANCE OF

They all go Tripping,
 Trip, Trip, Tripping,
 To the tune of THE RUSSIAN BEAR
 He is leading the Dance
 In Ireland, Spain and France
 And—England had better
BEWARE.

TWENTY years ago the people of Russia were beginning to learn a new tune. The old Russian folk songs with their haunting sadness, the dances of the people with their infectious rhythm of joy, these had no part in the new tune which was stirring the country. The secret forces of discord were controlling the destinies of Russia.



The Martyred Tsar

A poisonous propaganda, issued from the Third International at Stockholm, was organising strikes in England, mutinies in France and Italy, spreading unrest, discontent, disloyalty, insubordination in Russia. All through the summer and autumn of 1916 the contamination was circulated by the agents who had sworn to destroy the Russian Empire, and in the Spring of 1917 the carefully prepared plot burst into flame, and a bloody revolution swept the country from end to end.

I was in Russia during that time, and I know with what devilish cunning the revolution was prepared. I was a witness of that wave of fierce, unbridled passion that swept the people off their feet, that swayed the helpless crowds to mad, fanatical fury. Destruction, chaos, killing for the pleasure of killing, the torture of men, women and children, the brutal murder of the Tsar and his family, the ruin and degradation of the Church, the vilification of Religion. . . . That was the new tune of the Russian Bear.

Twenty years ago, twenty years of Hell and purgatory, of Satanic suffering that surpasses the belief of man. Twenty years . . . and now a new generation springing up, taught to hate and despise Religion, impregnated with a teaching which has systematically and untiringly ridiculed, contaminated and besmirched the Name and Sanctity of Christ.

HATE THE CHRISTIANS!

"We hate the Christians" Lunarcharsky said. "They preach mercy and love of one's neighbour, which is contradictory to our principles. Christian love curbs the development of the Revolution. Down with the love of one's neighbour. That which we must have is to hate."

The murder of Priests, the burning of Churches—or, worse still, Churches that were turned into houses of ill fame or anti-Religious museums—men of the vilest, lowest grade sent among the people dressed up like Christ, making filthy gestures, bestial placards, vile literature, there was nothing base enough, degrading enough that was not attempted in order to kill Religion in the minds of the people. And when the Pope, who has always sought to help the victims of Bolshevism, sent money to the starving children in Russia it was refused by the authorities because it was money that came from the Church, and, rather than accept it, the children were allowed to starve and die.

And now that the work has been so well done, now that every spark of goodness in the people has been suppressed and annihilated, the Soviet have loudly proclaimed the new Constitution granting liberty of conscience, of Religion and

DEATH

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

speech, encouraging patriotism and love of country, replacing the "International" which for the last years has been the National Anthem of Russia with a song called "Rodina" (Native Land), which extols Russia as the only country where one can breathe freely, and ends with the verse, "We shall repulse every enemy for we love our Native land as it were a bride, and shall cherish her as our beloved mother."

But be not deceived by this new tune of the Russian Bear! This is only a feint of patriotism which is intended to stir up the ardour of the armed millions of the Red Army, to prepare them and enflame them for the war against civilisation which the Kremlin sees coming nearer and nearer. This is only a trap set for the English fools—the gullible statesmen, a cunning piece of fraudulent deception intended to beguile Europe into a false sense of security.

Only this Spring Yaroslavsky, attending the 10th Anniversary of the League of the Militant Godless, gloried in the "Great work" which had been done and emphasised the active part taken by Stalin in "Showing to the Union of the Godless the best way in which to fight against Religion."

NEW PATRIOTISM

The Soviet Government will never admit that Religion is being persecuted in Russia; they would have us believe that the OGPU has been disbanded, that imprisonment and deportations no longer exist. They talk loudly of their new patriotism, and meanwhile their agents are busy spreading the doctrine of accursed internationalism, atheism, unrest and subversion—in Spain, France, Belgium and in England. And the people of England stand by supinely and allow these doctrines to be circulated in their midst, and if here and there a man stands up and exposes the truth he is silenced, condemned as a madman, ostracised by his friends, sneered at and laughed at by the crowd. The truth cannot get through; the Press, the B.B.C., the Cinema are all under the influence of the Russian Government, and our puppet Ministers follow the tune of the Russian Bear as blindly and thoughtlessly as the children followed the music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

What was the bait thrown out to our Ministers by the wily criminals and traitors of the Kremlin? What was it Mr. Eden promised Stalin when he visited Moscow last year? THE TRUTH OF THOSE CONVERSATIONS HAS NEVER BEEN DISCLOSED, but the facts of the last fourteen months speak for themselves: A rapidly increasing rapprochement with Russia, an equally rapidly increasing rift with Italy, a criminal policy of Sanctions which has impoverished our trade,

antagonism with Germany, the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact, anarchy in Spain, unrest and troubles in France, in Belgium and in England. The imminent danger of a European war.

War between the nations of Europe leading to world revolution. This has always been the aim of the Soviet, though if they succeed in carrying through their plan they themselves will profit very little. For world revolution will bring trade and commerce to a standstill, famine, disease and pestilence will sweep the continents of Europe, the money markets will crash, anarchy and confusion will reign supreme. It may take years, it might even take centuries, for the new world to rise from the ruins of the old, but in the meantime the Soviet would have attained their end, the ruin of the British Empire and the annexation of England.



H.I.M. the late Tsarina of Russia

RESIGN! Not much! After being paid five thousand a year to drag down the Empire and make it a byword of contempt all over the world, why should I resign? Surely I have done my work thoroughly?

Such might be the thoughts of Mr. Anthony Eden at the present time, who has made such an unholy mess of England's interests and jeopardised the national safety as has never been before known in the course of our history. The thoughts of the Foreign Secretary are probably different altogether, because he has the one quality which most fools possess, and, having been placed in the position he holds by Mr. Baldwin for some obscure reason totally unconnected either with ability or experience, he cannot understand how he can possibly be wrong.

So far the Cabinet of All the Duds have almost worshipped at his footstool. They have allowed him to seek the limelight at Geneva without any hindrance, permitted him to kill Italy with his mouth, and hob-nob with the Bolshevik Litvinoff, out of whose hand he eats, and meanwhile Litvinoff and his gang pull all the props away, Spain, France, and now Belgium, as a preliminary to leaving England naked and unarmed faced by a ruthless Germany and an Italy efficient and armed up to the hilt.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

At this juncture one man in the Cabinet, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, throws a cold douche upon the wild men of Sanctions. He proclaims to the world that sanctions have failed to prevent war, to stop war, to save Abyssinia, and that those who would continue them or seek to increase them are suffering from very midsummer madness. The wild men are wilder than ever, for they continue in their mania to believe that Mussolini is still bluffing. They continue to shriek for yet more Sanctions and remain oblivious to the threat of Mussolini that unless Sanctions are removed—he regards them as an intolerable insult to his nation—Italy will withdraw from the League of Nations.

Has it ever occurred to Mr. Eden and his Socialist supporters that if Mussolini resigns from the League of Nations because the British Government have taken no steps to remove sanctions, it will not stop there? Italy regards England as the instigator and mainstay of Sanctions, and she is perfectly right, so a withdrawal would most probably be followed by the recall of the Italian ambassador and then an ultimatum. Of course, the wild men would love that! Nothing would give them greater joy than to drag the nation into a disastrous war and pave the way to revolution.

RESIGN?

• *By* **KIM** •

The idea of fighting a powerful Fascist State, equipped with the latest warlike devices, with an Air Force that makes ours look silly, and with the bulk of our Fleet trapped in the Eastern Mediterranean, would be balm in Gilead to all the pacifists, Little Englanders, disarmament fanatics, Communists, and, in fact, everybody who wants to see the British Empire overthrown, England in a state of revolution, and the Monarchy destroyed.

TOO LATE FOR PEACE?

The real position at this hour is not whether or no Mr. Baldwin should stop wobbling and decide against a continuance of Sanctions. It is inevitable unless we want war, which we are powerless to wage in our present state of defencelessness. It is whether we are too late to make our peace with Italy. Mussolini has held out the olive branch, and he leads a young, rejuvenated and enthusiastic nation, conscious of its strength, who have been keyed up to concert pitch, and he will not wait on the doorstep for admittance much longer. Significant diplomatic conversations are proceeding with Germany at the present moment, and it is a fact that these two States, ready for war and loathing Bolshevism in every shape and form, are placing Great Britain on a very low pedestal.

In other words our prestige is at its lowest ebb and it is due entirely to the Government of Mr. Baldwin, whose errors, and worse than errors, reached their zenith when he appointed Mr. Eden as Secretary of Foreign Affairs and gave him a free hand. Obvious as this is to-day we yet find a Ministerial journal which has supported Sanctions throughout and been in every way inimical to Italy, now turns round and says calmly that it understands there will be an early end to the "Sanctions experiment," and a "renewed collaboration with Italy."

The reason for this it alleges with the utmost brazenness. First, the failure of Sanctions, second, the fear of instability in France, and third, a more uncompromising attitude on the part of Germany. As to the last we know that Germany will refuse to shift her ground in the east of Europe and will demand the return of her former colonies.

I wonder if the Sanctionists have any sense of proportion at all. They certainly possess no decency because this utter cynicism is almost without parallel. They say in other words that because the situation is grave and menacing we had

?NOT MUCH!

better condescend to shake hands with Italy. They entirely leave out of account Italian feelings and ideas. It takes two to make a quarrel and two to make friends.

REALISING FAILURE

But it seems that despite the absolute failure of his foreign policy this extraordinary Mr. Eden is so obtuse as to believe he can reverse his entire attitude and action towards Italy in particular, and to the League of Nations in particular, and yet retain his office. His friends argue that he has only carried out the declared policy of the Government and there is, therefore, no reason why he should be made the scapegoat. Such an argument cuts both ways, for if it be the Government as a whole the Prime Minister himself should realise his failure and resign in favour of a Conservative who would lead the Government on Conservative lines according to the wishes of the electors. Logically the failure of the Foreign Minister, carrying out the avowed policy of the Prime Minister, who, as we remember, boasted that Geneva was his "Sheet Anchor," should in honour compel Mr. Baldwin to recognise that his is the over-riding responsibility.

But responsibility is exactly what Mr. Baldwin shirks. He has said so. He appoints followers to office and leaves them to make a mess of their jobs without apparently ever keeping a hand on them, and so the only alternative is to clean the sheet and demand the resignation of Mr. Eden. He has

not merely supported the policy of the Government on Sanctions, he has been the arch-protagonist. He has boasted again and again of his intentions to maintain sanctions and even to intensify them. He has led the rabble at Geneva, and bought up back-sliders by giving them access to our markets. He has not even been correct in his attitude towards Mussolini, having abruptly waived aside the Italian case from the first. He has in short taken a high-handed attitude and it is inconceivable that he can be allowed to remain at the Foreign Office. His indiscretions have been such that whenever he handles a matter—such as the foolish questionnaire to Germany—he puts his foot into it.

LED INTO PERIL

If Italy is willing to let bygones be bygones and to shake us by the hand she will naturally look for some gesture on our part which shows that the Government is serious in its intentions. As Mr. Baldwin had no compunction in throwing over Sir Samuel Hoare he need have less in losing Mr. Eden, who is certainly no bulwark of support to the Government in the country. Etiquette requires the resignation of the Foreign Minister whose sinister policy has led us into the deepest peril.

If we wish to be friends we have got to open the door wide to her and the door-keeper will have to be someone other than Mr. Eden. Extinguish him, and let him keep to his Bolshevik-Pacifist following by all means. It will be a guarantee of some change of heart, but if the Prime Minister proposes to hug him still to his breast, the Conservative rank and file must immediately take severe steps. It cannot safely leave the Foreign Office any longer in the hands of an amateur who has only made mistakes and is quarrelsome into the bargain.



Anthony Eden with his crony—wily, Bolshevik Litvinoff.



Yesterday: The primitive plough in Ethiopia.

IN this supreme hour lift up your flags, your swords and your hearts, to salute the resurgence—after fifteen centuries!—of an Empire on the fateful hills of Rome!

No more thrilling scene is known to modern history. The battlements of that old Palazzo glowed with fitful torches. In the vast square below 100,000 people were packed—cheering, singing, weeping, embracing each other. Leaning out on his balcony, Il Duce motioned the massed bands to be silent while he proclaimed the new dignity of his King.

I stood near the huge white mass of the Victor Emmanuel monument, where glittering bayonets flashed back the blinding floodlights, while other rays showed the entire Chamber of Deputies and Senate all in uniform around the lofty portal of that hoary fortress-palace.

HERITAGE TO ITALY

How often had I heard that strong leader say—*"Io voglio fare un capolavoro della mia vita!"* For fourteen years he has longed and striven to create this "masterwork" as a heritage to the Italy upon whom he has lavished "an idolatrous love." It only remains to develop that stupendous achievement.

This task is already begun. Mussolini has charged Count Volpi di Misurata, a former Governor of Tripolitana, who is also an ex-Minister of Finance and President of the Fascist Confederation of Industry, with the broad preliminaries of research and exploration in all fields. Technicians and experts, surveyors and engineers are being sent out by all the departments of State. A start will be made in the Scire region, which had never felt a white foot until Italy's army traversed it. For years before the war, the best brains of Italy's Political Bureau had marked that area down as one of the richest in all Africa.

Last March the Duce said plainly to his industrialists: "Italy will not resign herself to the smug saying that she is 'poor in raw materials.' Instead, it may be owned that she does not possess these. Here, then, is the fundamental basis of her new Colonial demands."

MUSSOLINI'S "M"

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

It was further pointed out that Italy went to the Paris Peace-parleys with over 600,000 dead to her debit account. And under the Treaties of London and St. Jean de Maurienne she was explicitly promised, in the event of an Allied victory, colonial outlets for her expanding population, as well as her due need of prime products for her fast-expanding industries.

But when the famous mandates were doled out, Britain, France and even Belgium were awarded millions of square miles, with millions of inhabitants. But all that fell to Italy were casual tracts of fever-ridden deserts, where it would be hard to find 70,000 poverty-stricken souls!

Well might Mussolini's Minister, Luigi Orazio, Count Vinci-Gigliucci, write home to his master that Hailé Selassié's derelict hodge-podge of peoples and provinces was "a ripe golden plum ready to drop into our lap." To-day, that long-sought fruit—as Il Duce himself insists—"is entirely and irrevocably Italian!"

EXPENDITURE

It has thus far cost perhaps £200,000,000. Yet much more remains to be spent on roads, bridges, aerodromes, docks and other works before Italy's million settlers can be safely established; and the Western plains of Amhara, with the whole of Gojam, are sending bales of long-staple cotton and bags of Mocha coffee, to be exchanged for manufactured goods from the busy homeland. In a word, this enormous "prize-package" is looked upon both as a source of supplies and a market of great potentials among a sturdy population of at least eleven millions.

For many years, an average of 627,000 emigrants left Italy, but could not find a suitable outlet in their existing African colonies. Now, Italy has a rich and spacious domain of her own. And the very fact that Ethiopia's resources are as yet like the religion of Rabelais—a "Great Perhaps"—lends added fascination to an eager hunt that is now "up" in all directions, and being run with daemonic energy.

Much of the Ogaden and Danakil deserts can be written off as "maybe's." Yet, as South Africa, Texas and Oklahoma have shown, it is in such once-despised quarters that gold occurs, and "gusher" oil-wells respond so profusely to the stroke of geological drills and rigs.

But Gojam and Shoa have millions of fertile acres. Here, cereals and live-stock can be raised and shipped home to Italy at prices probably much higher than those of the present world-level. Therefore, large orders have already been placed for agricultural tractors and other implements.

Our own Kenya Colony will certainly be ex-

S "MASTERWORK" IN AFRICA

celled in production and opportunities! Almost anything grown, either in the tropics or in the temperate zone, flourishes in some section of the "switchback" surfaces of this age-old Empire, which now enters a new epoch of civilised rule.

This matter of altitude, by the way, is so important that even Ethiopia's polyglot natives (Haile Selassie was in 1930 proclaimed in sixty languages!) classify their country according to the height at which the various fruits and farm-products grow.

All the land below 5,000 feet is called *Quolla*. Between 5,000 and 7,000 feet it is known as *Uoina Daga*; and all zones in excess of 7,000 feet are referred to as *Daga*. The first category ranges from sandy deserts to barren savannahs which afford grazing to the pastoral nomad tribes.

Above the *Quolla* level, tamarinds, bamboo and figs grow wild; and here all the conditions favour banana-planting on a large scale. The *Uoina Daga*, or intermediate zone, is marked by rank and varied tropic vegetation, which higher up passes into dense juniper-forests. It is at this height, around Lake Tsana and in the Kaffa Province (which is said to give its name to "coffee"), there are succulent pastures where cattle-ranching on American lines will be possible. Other highlands will grow grain of all kinds. Here, wheat is already sown, though the natives prefer *dhurmaize* as a cereal more easily raised.

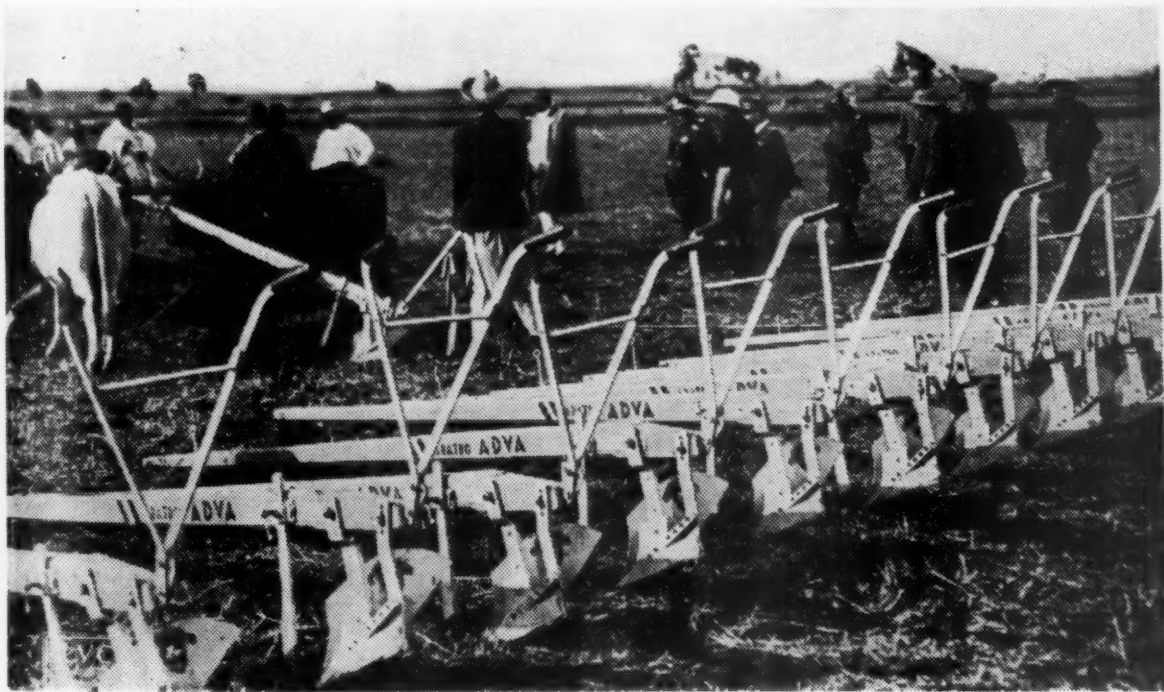
Rubber and cotton are already marked out. So are modern fast roads from Dessye in the North-West to the seaport of Assab, in Eritrea. Such

roads would, of course, conflict with French interests in the Djibouti-Addis-Ababa Railway. Italy also projects a 500-mile line through the Danakil-Harar-Ogaden regions, in order to link up her two East African colonies, which are now separated by 1,500 miles of sea.

As for the treasures of Ethiopia's sub-soil, the late ruler has long employed German and Swiss geologists, whose reports are more than encouraging. Gold, silver and platinum have been known for centuries. Potash, mica, lead, carbonate of soda, zinc and sulphur have been crudely won; and lignite, iron-ore and copper have been located by the native mines' department since 1930.

In the south, petroleum has been "proved" by America's oil pioneers. And already sixty-nine cases of refining-machinery have been shipped from Massachusetts to Massowah and Mogadishu for the spouting wells of to-morrow, which are to feed the air-forces at home and in East Africa. Has not Marshal Graziani declared that "the present powerful armies now established shall be maintained intact"?

Passing through the Suez Canal at present are transports filled with picks and shovels, ploughs and steelwork for bridges. One notes also cases of seeds, thousands of cuttings from Italy's vineyards, as well as clothing and timber for the building of cottages, barracks, hospitals and schools. Further items are telephone and telegraph wires; new road-laying engines, and countless other factors, human as well as mechanical, in the changing of the desert into productive land.



To-day : Italy introduces modern methods to reap rich harvests from the land.

The Trail of the Serpent

By Richard Fletcher

ONLY an assiduous traveller can give direct testimony of the world-wide penetration of Communism and the deadly peril which confronts every nation at this moment of writing. Since June of last year, I have sailed on French, Norwegian, British and German ships, visited the United States, Panama, Portugal, Spain and Italy, spoken with numerous people, white, black and yellow, and herewith I submit my observations.

The forces of destruction, organised and financed by Moscow, are efficient and energetic, as is proven in France and Spain, all too clearly. Moreover, the policy and tactics of the Bolsheviks, both Russian and foreign, are essentially modern, adapted to the swift political and economic changes of the day. The crude creed of Lenin and Trotsky has become softened and refined. By these means, the masters of Moscow have gained valuable allies, among the intellectuals, the "free thinkers," the pacifists and with the lure of commerce, they have been gaining approval among the very stable interests that they seek eventually to absorb.

I found America in the sixth year of the mighty depression and the people reflecting their sufferings in a way calculated to rejoice the Communist agents. Especially among the youth, did I find proselytes, gaily prattling about the benefits of "The Third International," the infallibility of Karl Marx and the merits of Stalin. These youngsters were fed on pamphlets and magazines, freely distributed in schools and universities and, it appeared, many of their teachers were "red." Fertile soil indeed, these millions of vivacious, but disillusioned Americans, uncontrolled by strong family ties and oblivious to religion! Their allegiance to the Russian sickle and hammer was the fashion and they brightly proclaimed "Soak the Rich."

Most Potent Medium

I travelled across the Continent to California, where I stayed in Hollywood. Here, the sly emissaries of the Soviet were even bolder than in the east. Their arguments were more fiercely proclaimed, as Hollywood, world centre of the film industry, is the most potent single medium for propaganda of all. Here, also the forces opposed to the Communistic theory are entrenched, owing to the prestige and vigilance of the Catholic Church.

Never have I seen anything so brutal and vulgar, since my visit to the anti-God Exhibition, culled from Bolshevik sources in St. James Street, London, two years ago, as the "literature" circulated in the Los Angeles region. Booklets are flung into the gardens of this scattered district, and their contents of cartoons and abuse in prose, show that clever contributors have been at work.

Panama Canal, the busy thoroughfare between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is naturally an international rendezvous, a certain objective for the Bolshevik snipers. Passengers and crew go ashore either at Panama City or Christobel Culon, both colourful, crowded towns. At the latter, we were half-day ashore. As the Americans would say, "were the 'Reds' on the job—or were they?"

One bit of dialogue may instruct. A stalwart sailor is accosted by a greasy civilian.

"Which is your ship, mate?" It's indicated.

"Do you work hard?"

"Sure, we are scraping and repainting," answers the sailor.

"Do you get good pay?" asks the agent, offering a cigarette.

"Not much," replies the lad.

"You know, one day, you'll be a part owner of that boat. Why shouldn't you be? Come, have a drink and I'll tell you about it." So the sailor is led to a bar and instilled in the rudiments of Soviet rapine.

Sidelight on Campaign

When I regained my circle of friends in London, I became gradually aware that a general indulgence toward Russia was being shown and that mention of the massacre of the Romanoff families and the satanic atheism of the Bolsheviks made me unpopular in very respectable homes. A fashionable photographer told me that he was going to Moscow together with a bizarre dress-maker and a certain coiffeur of Paris. Here was a sidelight on the Soviet campaign. This mission was not only to unite the Russians with London-Paris standards of life, but to gain allies among caterers of elegance. In fact, this expedition was the old tragi-comedy of Eve and the serpent. One must smile in the midst of danger.

When in Rome, I associated with neutral brother journalists in their club for the Foreign Press. From an eminent Swiss correspondent, I learned that the Russians dominate the workings of the International body and that their financial resources are infinite. He told me that Geneva is actually the headquarters of the Third International, whose ramifications are being extended daily.

Concentrating every force to impede and discredit victorious Italy is the first item of the Communist programme to-day. Italy is the bulwark against this world evil, not only because she shelters the head of the Catholic Church, but because the leader of her Government is the implacable and super-human foe of the system, now intent on fomenting wars between the "capitalist" countries, destroying religion and family life and then studding the universe with Soviet tyrannies.

Eve in Paris

OPTIMISTIC tourists visiting "Gay Paree" at the height of its Grande Saison, expecting comfort and amusement, received a strange welcome and went home, or sought more congenial lands.

The Champs Elysées presented a curious spectacle with its cafés and restaurants closed by order of the Syndicalists, discontented Parisians walking gloomily along looking vainly for a spot where they could take the apéritif and read their paper, the two things habit has rendered absolutely necessary in the routine of daily life.

Here and there a small bar was open, the patrons doing the service. On its walls a small notice could be seen, "This house, having accepted the collective contract, is authorised to remain open." It is signed, not by the Préfecture de Police, but by the workers' syndicate. A stroll towards the Place de la Concorde showed gaily-attired guests arriving at the Crillon to find it closed. A wedding reception was to be held there. The bridegroom sent home for champagne, cakes were obtainable, and his guests picnicked in their cars. Big shops were closed and there were no races.

* * *

THE Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, leader of the French Feminist movement, has for years advocated votes for women. It is regrettable that the apathy of former governments and the prejudices of antiquated senators should have left this necessary reform to a Front Populaire ministry, for, now that women have official rank in the government and are recognised as equals, it follows logically that they must receive the franchise.

A minor sensation was caused in the new Chambre when a member addressing it began his speech "Mesdames et Messieurs." All eyes were turned on the women holding office; Madame Joliot Curie was not present, but Madame Lacore and Madame Braunsweig aroused much interest.

All political parties have of late agreed as to the necessity of measures to check increasing crimes against children and to punish with utmost severity those who maltreat them. A ministry has been formed to deal with such matters and Madame Suzanne Lacore will be the Under-Secretary of State in it. She has devoted thirty years to child welfare and should do excellent work in her new post. Mme. Braunsweig, a former school teacher, will be the Under-Secretary of the National Education Ministry.

* * *

ONE of the first acts of the Socialist Premier was to shelve M. Tannery, Governor of the Bank of France, by appointing him Hon. Governor and giving this most important post to M. Labeyrie.

It is the privilege of the Government to name

the Governor of the Bank of France, otherwise it has no power over that famous institution, which is *not* a State Bank, belongs to private shareholders, and is controlled by 15 Regents and three censors elected by the shareholders.

M. Tannery possessed high qualities, is a man of integrity, an experienced financier, and defended the franc in the grave crisis of 1935, but the Socialists see in him a representative of the 200 Familles, which renders him "Persona Ingrata."

M. Labeyrie, his successor, was in 1925 associated with M. Caillaux, then Minister of Finance. Proving an ardent supporter of the "Front Commun," he was to be seen with M. Blum demonstrating before the "Mur Sacré," and at all Communist gatherings. He has his reward.

The strike has already cost the country millions and done untold damage to trade; M. Blum promises the forty-hour week, paid holidays for workers, public works to give them employment, old-age pensions, insurances, etc.; these schemes need money, which he declares a levy on invested wealth must produce (*L'Humanité* suggests that 5 per cent. be taken from capital of one million and 25 per cent. from fortunes of 50 millions), and the Government programme includes "reform of the statutes of the Bank of France, transforming it into a national institution," thus placing its resources at the mercy of a Socialist Premier.

No wonder that gold continues its flight from France, heavy shipments being made last week in the Aquitania, Ascania, Bremen and Deutschland.

* * *

THREE times only has the smartest event of the racing season, the Prix de Diane, French Oaks, taken place elsewhere than at beautiful Chantilly. In 1919 and 1920 the general staff made its headquarters for some months at Chantilly, the course being neglected so that racing was impossible. The first Sunday of the strike was the third occasion.

Chantilly being judged too far from Paris in the uncertain conditions of transport and lack of petrol, it was decided to hold the meeting at Longchamps, beautiful also, but scarcely possessing the charm of the "Bois de Sylvie."

To the last there was uncertainty behind the scenes. Would the "lads," with whom already there had been trouble, be corrupted and the men who drive the horse vans yield to temptation or terrorism and join the strikers?

Fate proved kind. The thoroughbred fillies arrived safely in excellent condition, and the racing was all that could be desired, for the favourite, Mistress Ford (owner Miss Diana Esmond), won after an exciting contest. The weather was rainy and cold, but this did not prevent crowds from attending. Light dresses could not be worn, but the ladies looked smart in summer suits and furs.

The Veteran

By Dan Russell

PILGRIM was very old now. His head was white and his gait was stiff and slow. He lived in honoured ease, apart from the other hounds in a kennel of his own. Not often does a hound live to be old, because when his period of usefulness is past he is put down. There is no room for pensioners in a foxhound kennel. But Pilgrim, whose fame had spread throughout the scattered counties, had been spared, for in his time he had been the greatest hunting hound of them all. The Master, breaking the rule of a lifetime, had decreed that he should spend his remaining years in the comfort which he had so truly earned.

His kennel lay at the back of the great stone yards. The door was always open, for the old hound was free to come and go as he chose. Very seldom was he to be found lying on his bed of wheaten straw; more often than not he would be found in the cottage of old George, the kennelman. Between these two had sprung up a deep and lasting friendship. Ever since the night many years ago when Pilgrim had been born and his mother had died the old man and the hound had been friends, and the bond between them had deepened with the years.

At night, when the old man sat smoking in front of his fire the hound would pad softly in and curl himself up on the worn, patchwork rug. And George would talk to him as if he were some old, familiar friend. The wise, brown eyes would gaze up at him and his stern would wave while the old man spoke of things which had happened during his day's work, of famous runs of long ago and of the strange ways and wiles of Reynard, the fox. Then, when the last pipe was smoked, George would stump upstairs to his lonely bed while the hound dreamed before the dying embers of the little fire.

It was still dark when old George stumbled downstairs one morning in November. Pilgrim was, as usual, asleep on the rug. George stirred him gently with his foot.

Given the Chance

"Come on, I got a mort o' work to do and thee's gat to be locked up."

The hound rose and stretched himself. Then he padded out to his kennel and lay down on his bed of straw. George locked him in, and went off to his work. Pilgrim was always shut in on a hunting day because, though he was old and slow, he was

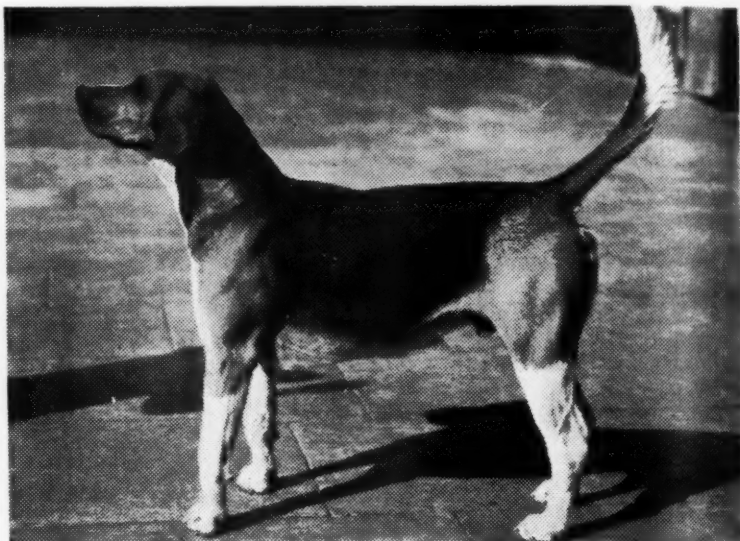
still keen and, given a chance, he would trot off with the rest of the pack.

The morning wore on and the hounds set off to the meet. Old George finished mixing the pudding which was to be boiled with horseflesh for the morrow's meal, and unlocked the gate of Pilgrim's kennel.

"Ee can come out now," he said, "they be gone, and I 'low you won't foller 'em."

The hound followed him to the cottage and lay across the doorstep. George ate his dinner and then sat down in his big chair for a nap. Pilgrim dozed on the doorstep.

How long he had slept the old man did not know, but suddenly he was awake. He stretched



Pilgrim often watched the pack move off, for now he was old and stayed behind.

with a yawn, then he became alert. He had heard again the sound which had awakened him. The sharp, pulsating note of a hunting horn. Instantly the old man was on his feet and at the door of the cottage. He gazed over the open fields to where the vale dipped down in a deep curve to the horizon.

Pilgrim Had Heard

Far away he could see them. Like a thin chain the hounds were running towards him. Behind the hounds he could see the scarlet-coated figure of the Master on the grey mare, and behind the Master was the scattered field. The deep voices of the doghounds came to him faintly on the breeze.

Then he saw something else. In the next field a great pied hound loped stiffly towards the voices of his fellows. Pilgrim had heard them and was

off to join them. Old George shouted, but for once the hound did not heed him. The man ran across the field in pursuit, but the hound did not turn his head.

On over the broad breast of the vale came the hounds to within a mile of the kennels. Eight miles they had run over the cream of the country, and the fox in front of them was nearly done. Then in a big ploughed field they checked. The scent had failed.

They spread out fanshape and cast over that damp earth seeking to regain the line. But there was no vestige of a scent. Hither and thither they quested, noses to the ground, but not a whimper proclaimed that they had solved the puzzle.

The Master watched his baffled pack. The hounds looked up at him as if asking his help. He lifted his horn to call them together so that he could make good the surrounding fields. But he never blew it, for through the hedge came Pilgrim, blown and spent but eager for the chase.

For a moment the old hound stood on the hedge-bank and surveyed the scene. Then, as if he understood what had happened, he trotted into the fifty acre ploughland. Down went the sensitive nose as he sniffed at the earth; his stern was rigid with excitement.

In large circles he cast round, then he trotted up

the hedgeside and as he went his stern began to wave. Then halfway up the hedge he spoke, and his voice was like a trumpet summoning the errant pack to him. As one they ran to him and the air was filled with their deep voices as they spoke to the line which the veteran had recovered. Over the furrows they flashed and on to the grass land beyond, running like furies on the newly found scent.

But Pilgrim was not with them. For the first two hundred yards he had forgotten his age and stiffness and had led them, then he began to drop back. Slower became his pace and slower, until he stopped. His noble head was low and his breathing was laboured. His heart was hammering against his ribs, and a strange pain stabbed his chest. His legs buckled under him and he collapsed and lay still.

A mile further on the hounds ran into their beaten fox. The triumphant rattle of the horn rang out as they tore and worried at their quarry. Their voices took on a deeper, more savage note as they struggled for the carcase. The Master smiled as he watched them. "You've got old Pilgrim to thank for this," he said, "he's worth the lot of you, old as he is."

A mile away, in the ploughed field, an old man in a white kennel-coat knelt beside a great pied hound.

To the Glory of Angling

By Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

IS it not an art to deceive a Trout with an Artificial Fly? A Trout that is more sharp-sighted than every hawk that you have named?" Thus asked Izaak Walton of the sceptical falconer, and the learned piscator's championing of fly-fishing is recalled to-day by the Fly-Fishers' Club which has long passed its jubilee year. Herbert Hoover puts the modern interpretation in his "In Praise of Izaak Walton" in a very subtle manner when writing: "All men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness . . . which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. There were lots of people who committed crimes last year who would not have done so if they had been fishing."

The Fly-Fishers' Club was formed on December 18th, 1884, mainly as the result of the work of the late R. B. Marston and the influence of the Fisheries Exhibition held in London the previous year. There were 264 fly-fishermen in the club when it started. Among its early members appeared such eminent anglers as the late Lord Grey (then Sir Edward Grey), H. T. Sherringham and Sir Herbert Maxwell, but it was not until 1899 that the Club decided upon a President, who was Mr. Basil Field.

The Club's present quarters, at 36, Piccadilly, include a very valuable museum, the chief treasures of which are the creel of Izaak Walton,

with the initials "I. W." burnt into the leather, and a cast of the monster Loch Stennes trout of 29 lbs.

It is true that, for numbers, coarse-fishing has a far larger following than fly-fishing in Britain. It is cheaper, much cheaper, and therefore well within the scope of the working-class angler, but for sport there is a vast difference between coarse-fishing and fly-fishing, and for generations fly-fishing has been the prominent sport of the English country gentleman since Charles Cotton, Squire of Deresdale Hall, wrote his celebrated treatise on fishing for trout with a fly for the "Complete Angler." Lord Grey's book on fly-fishing is now an angling classic, as are many of the works of Sir Herbert Maxwell, while Lord Lansdowne's reputation as a fly-fisher is almost unrivalled.

Perhaps the happiest of fly-fishermen were Mr. Naylor, who took 219 salmon, weighing 1,307 lbs., and 304 sea trout, weighing 161 lbs., in 19 days' fishing on the Grimersta River; Lord Lovat, who once caught 36 salmon in a day; and Messrs. Charles Ellis and Iveson and Captain Percy, who, in 1879, in 53 days caught 15,640 salmon, Mr. Ellis taking 6,714, an average of over 125 a day. Yet equally happy must have been a certain member of the Fly-Fishers' Club who, when he died, left 367 rods and hundreds of thousands of salmon and trout flies.

"If I WERE KING"

VILLON, the ballad-monger, in the days of France's extremity, wrote:

"Louis the Little, play the Grand!
Buffet the foe with sword and lance,
'Tis what would happen, by this hand,
If Villon were the King of France!'"

To-day, in troubled Britain, harassed and betrayed by her Politicians, how wide the scope of such a dream!

The trade of a Monarch is no easy life. It is exacting beyond anything an ordinary subject conceives, especially when he has to sign and agree to a policy or no policy he thoroughly dislikes and disagrees with.

If I were King, I would concentrate upon the good and glory of my people.

I would cut away the old entanglements of an obsolete political system.

The endless round of consultations, minutes, Cabinet deliberations would be swept away.

I would exercise my royal prerogative and dismiss the Ministers who were not awake to the fact that what to-day is needed is strong and instant action, not INTOLERABLE DELAYS of a Cabinet cabal and a Parliamentary sham-fight.

I would summon to my side a small group of patriots, not internationalists, not as advisers but as executive officers.

A TIME OF EMERGENCY

From them I would demand the immediate re-arming of my threatened land, brooking no delay by manufacturers or costing clerks, and every penny needed, without any talk of economy, would have to be forthcoming before all else.

He who hampered the work would be dealt with as obstructionists should be dealt with.

For this is a time of emergency, and I would declare it so.

The royal prerogative would be upheld for the good of my country and my country would come first.

To my aid in this change of method I could call the goodwill of my people, and they would acclaim me as their Champion and Deliverer.

By...

"HISTORICUS"

The politicians have been afraid to tell the people the truth, but I should not be afraid to tell the truth.

I would trust the people to face the worst—and the worst is that an unarmed Britain and her Empire stand daily in jeopardy of assault from other strongly armed and bitterly jealous or angry nations. This I should make known, pleading no "sealed lips."

I would tell my people that these over-crowded islands are a beleaguered garrison which depends upon the entry each day of £1,000,000 of necessary foods to feed the people, and that that food may be stopped by air or sea attack or diminished by the loss of national credit AT ANY MOMENT.

NATIONAL SERVICE

I would use the power of my kingly office and the loyalty which the Throne I know commands to call my people to national service in their own defence.

The reason why that is impossible now, is because the nation does not realise the truth and no politician dare tell them it and the Politician has caused this shameful result.

Communism within our midst I would indict as treachery to the realm. The subversive propagandists and the alien stirrers-up of trouble I would treat as our forefathers treated such scum. The statute book contains law enough to deal with them, AND I WOULD APPLY IT.

The fault to-day is not that we have no means to protect the realm from disruption within, it is that our Ministers are too cowardly or too treacherous to apply it, LEST THEIR FOREIGN FRIENDS IN MOSCOW BE OFFENDED!

IF I WERE KING I WOULD GATHER ABOUT ME A BODY OF KING'S FRIENDS, PATRIOTS, WITHOUT ONE INTERNATIONALIST, STALWARTS FOR BRITAIN, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN NOT FRIGHTENED OF EFFORT AND PER-

KING . . . ”

SONAL SELF - SACRIFICE
AND READY TO TUTOR
AND GOVERN THE NATION.

THESE CAPTAINS OVER
TENS AND CAPTAINS OVER
HUNDREDS I WOULD
CHARGE WITH THE WORK
OF EDUCATING THE RISING
GENERATION INTO PATRI-
OTISM. THEY SHOULD
PURGE THOSE EDUCA-
TIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS
WHICH NOW DO NOTHING
BUT PREACH A SLOPPY
SENTIMENTAL SOCIALISM—
WHICH IS INIMICAL TO
THE CROWN — AND A
SLOPPY INTERNATION-
ALISM — WHICH WILL BE DEATH TO
THE EMPIRE IF IT IS NOT STOPPED.

Yes—if I were King of a nation that loved me
and believed in me, I would realise that *I* alone
could do what no other man in my kingdom could
do, rally the nation to a single aim, and that aim
the glory and welfare of Britain.

THE TRUE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I would realise that by the glamour of my name
and personality, no less than by the right of my
office as Monarch, I had within my hands the
power to make the Empire a true League of
Nations greater than anything seen in history, to
bring my race back to that dominance in govern-
ment, justice, and progress which it lost when
Parliament became sapped by the subversive
and unskilled leaders of the Left whom Russia
has trained and whose acts Russia has financed.

And, lastly, if I were King, I would join hands
with those States which have purged themselves
of decadence and Bolshevism. I would tell them
that Britain, too, is for purity of race and for the
high traditions of the past.

Together we could rid Europe of the canker that
is destroying us, the cancer that gnaws at our
vitals and our hearts, and the creeping dry rot that
spreads through all the nation called Bolshevism.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING

**We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR

An Open Letter to Cantuar

(From Lt.-Colonel Cyril Rocke, formerly Military
Attaché, Rome).

YOUR GRACE,—

The public reiteration of misleading statements by high dignitaries of the Church of England concerning the conduct of the Italo-Abyssinian war are dangerous in the extreme to the Peace of the World and the existence of our ill-armed Empire.

For the most part these same statements have no foundation in fact, and only tend to further inflame public opinion already grossly misled by propaganda composed of hypocrisy, misrepresentation, suppression of truth and downright lying.

The Very Rev. Dean Inge and a score of other ill-informed Divines continue to feed the public on the false propaganda of the League of Nations Union, concerning the massacre of thousands of Abyssinian women and children by poison gas.

These Reverend gentlemen, if they be fair-minded men, should read the evidence of impartial British eye-witnesses such as Dr. H. M. Moran, an Australian, who, in a letter to the *Morning Post* of 27th May, states as follows:—

"I was for two months on the Northern Front in Abyssinia, leaving just after the battle of Lake Ashangi. Up till that time neither I nor any of the foreign journalists (English, American, French, German or Polish) had seen any evidence of the use of gas. We had seen prisoners, but none with signs of gas upon them; Abyssinian dead, but none with marks of gas burns. The use of gas then must have been extremely restricted. In any case, there seems no foundation whatever for the statement that thousands of women and children have been blinded by the use of this arm."—Signed: H. M. MORAN, F.R.C.S.A., F.R.A.C.S.

The flagrant misuse of the Red Cross Emblem by the Abyssinians has been authoritatively exposed by such unimpeachable eye-witnesses as Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Captain Joseph Jonke, an Austrian officer in the service of the Abyssinian Government, and by many others.

Tyrant and Coward

Such information, the truth of which I can vouch for, has been carefully withheld from the British public by the League of Nations Union and its Socialist ally the B.B.C., than which no more biased disseminator of political propaganda ever existed.

Your Grace is doubtless a fair-minded and just man, as are, I hope, most of those who have, like yourself, been unwittingly misled as to the true character of Haillé Selassie, and I would respectfully commend to your notice "*Le Masque d'Or*," by Henry de Monfreid, a work recently published by Grasset. This distinguished French author knows modern Abyssinia better than any man alive, and in this, his latest book, he lays bare with no uncertain hand the inhuman cruelty and despicable cowardice of Ras Tafari, the usurper, ex-Emperor of Abyssinia.

When Italy appealed to the League of Nations by means of an official memorandum last September, the League had its chance and failed miserably to take it and so constitute itself the means of suppressing slavery on a vast scale with all its concomitant horrors. What the League failed to do Italy has done swiftly and efficiently with a minimum loss of life.

Wahib Pasha, the Turkish Military Adviser to Abyssinia, let the cat out of the bag when, as a fugitive in Aden a few weeks ago, he declared that the Italians had not won their great victories by the use of modern

weapons, but because of internal revolution in Abyssinia itself.

It is not an over-statement to say that at least ninety per cent. of the population of Abyssinia welcomed the Italians as liberators, and now rejoice to be freed from the cruel and incompetent rule of the ex-Emperor.

Knowing Abyssinia as I do, I confidently state that the crushing out for ever of the foul rule of the Amharas over the races that Menelik and his successors have so inhumanly subjugated during the last fifty years is one of the most fortuitous and humane events in the Christian era.

Finally, if your Grace and other war-mongering Divines in pursuance of half-baked ideals persist in your policy of "waving the bloody shirt," and by so doing destroy all hope of the renewal of the ancient ties of friendship between England and Italy—the two greatest forces for civilisation that the world has known—then may God forgive your Grace, for when the truth is known your fellow-countrymen never will.

CYRIL ROCKE

Jersey, C.I.

Recruits for the Army

SIR,—I think it was in the year 1907 I gave a prize through the *Daily Mail* under a no-de-plume for how best to get recruits for the Regular Army. The prize was only £10 but I received over 900 replies.

The gist of the suggestions was that a smarter walking-out kit should be provided for the Infantry of the Line.

There was no shortage of recruits at that time for the corps with a really smart kit.

Another suggestion was "bringing money" of £2, that is, that any person of either sex who brought up a man who was finally attested should receive not less than £2.

A fixed proportion of commissions from the ranks should be guaranteed and non-commissioned officers who were selected for promotion should be allowed to count their service in the ranks for seniority as commissioned officers.

They also suggested that men not required for duty should be allowed to stay out all night as civilians are, as long as they reported for reveille in the morning, and that up-to-date and extensive advertising should be employed in the Press.

They did not consider the amount of pay the soldier would get very much affected recruiting, but they thought, to improve discipline, that non-commissioned officers of the rank of sergeant and upwards should be better paid to make it worth while to hold these ranks.

I personally further suggest that we should raise a Foreign Legion. Our Foreign Legion was a great success in the Peninsula War and Wellington had a very soft place in his heart for the men of that corps. We have a concrete example to-day in the French Foreign Legion. France generously owns she had no better troops in the late War, and the men are only paid a pittance but non-commissioned officers are very highly paid.

There is no Militia now for men to join to see what they think of the Army. I would, therefore, allow all recruits to join for, say four months to see how they liked it, with no further obligation if they did not.

Old soldiers tell me that in their opinion perhaps 98 per cent. would re-engage and those who did not the Service would be better without.

J. G. PAGET, Major.

READERS THINK

Red Communism in France

SIR,—What Lady Houston says about tripping to the tune of the Russian Bear is only too true. I have recently returned from France where I was informed by those in a position to know that the epidemic of "Stay in" strikes was due entirely to political reasons.

I myself saw the red flag flying over factories; while in the working class quarters of Paris relatives of the strikers wore red flags pinned to their coats in the streets.

Some people have tried to argue that Communism was not wholly at the bottom of the strikes because in most cases the French flag was also flown over the factories involved. This, however, is a false deduction since the Tricolour itself is a revolutionary, in fact a Communist flag originating with the French Revolution. There is, therefore, no inconsistency in Communists displaying it.

What may be true is that Russia has not actually financed these strikes. The reason for this is that through her propaganda and financial aid in the past the Communist party in France is now strong enough to stand on its own bottom.

In other words Russia has already done her deadly work and France is now witnessing the fruits of it.

Those who were not in France at the time cannot realise the gravity of the situation which was caused by the dictation of Communist agitators. I myself, with some experience of that country, have never seen the decent law respecting classes so genuinely frightened.

It is true to say that at one time no one knew which way matters would go and that, but for the fact that the strikers were allowed to do as they liked and were given in to all along the line, something very like civil war would have resulted.

I hope this will be a warning to England.

L. O. HIGGINSON.

Chelsea, S.W.10.

Playing with Fire

SIR,—I hope the present almost general strikes in France and Belgium will be a lesson to those Englishmen who would hold out the hand of friendship to Russia.

It is significant that at such a time the Bolshevik leaders should announce a "new deal" for the oppressed subjects of their unhappy country, freedom of speech, secret ballots and all that.

This is obviously a clever piece of propaganda to try to persuade people that it is safe to follow Communism. Actually, of course, it is merely bluff and I should be very sorry even in the future to indulge in freedom of speech in Russia.

The Russian Bear is as dangerous and crafty as ever and it is high time our idealists and cranks realised it.

T. BRECHCROFT.

Ealing.

Councils and Recruiting

SIR,—I cannot understand the attitude of the Government that the War Office is powerless to insist that recruiting demonstrations should be allowed in public parks. If this is the case, then the sooner an act is passed to amend the law and remove the power of decision from unpatriotic Socialist Councils the better.

It is disgraceful that such traitors should be allowed to hold public office and, as we cannot make martyrs of them, the only thing is to curb their power of injuring the Nation.

V. BELLAIRS.

Northampton.

A Vital Question

SIR,—There is no doubt that the women of a country have a very big influence over youths eligible for joining the armed forces for the defence of the country, and so each should ask herself the question:

"Will we, especially the women and children, be better off if the eligible youths join now one of the armed forces for the defence of the country, and so help us to retain our belongings and privileges in a free country or if they are conscripted later in one of the armed forces of a foreign nation, who has conquered Great Britain, and thus lose our belongings and privileges, in fact be enslaved, in our country, which has become foreign?"

PATRIOT.

Knocke-Zoute, Belgium.

Youth for Cricket Tests

SIR,—It is commendably refreshing to witness at last "an eye to the future" exhibited by the Cricket Test Selection Committee.

Much as I, as an old exponent of our national game, admire the mighty deeds of the past accomplished by "The Old Brigade," recent tours have more than clearly established the blunt fact that youth must be given a fair chance if we are to regain those lost laurels which once were our proud possession on the cricket field.

This grand, clean game has proved the finest, truest missionary of Empire, and the puny, over-eloquent declamations of politicians of all and sundry parties pale into insignificance compared with the firm, good and lasting work accomplished by what were once described as "Flannelled Fools!"

Now that Australia has proffered the magnificent gesture of goodwill in wiping out the unfortunate memories of the last tour, we can look forward to keenness without bitterness in the trial of strength on sunny Australasian enclosures; and, if the former mighty works and doughty deeds of W. G. Grace, Bobby Peel, George Hirst, A. Mold, G. T. Hearne, dear Dick Panglier and other "old timers" imbue the youngsters to rise to the occasion and restore our lost glory—all who love their country and its games will unfeignedly rejoice!

FRANCIS EDWIN TYLER

(late 1/18th Batt. London Regiment).

78, St. James' Road, Holloway, N.7.

Save Our Army Horses

MY LADY,—

It is reported that, as the Army is now mechanised, some of the horses are no longer required, and are to be shot.

I am writing to you to plead for them, and to ask if nothing can be done to save them, and allow them to live the rest of their lives in peace, as they have served us so well?

I feel you are the only lady whose ability can successfully champion their cause.

With apologies for troubling you.

NORAH MILLER.

29, Ashbourne Avenue, N.W.11.

[The War Office have an excellent scheme for selling over aged horses to good homes, to which we would draw attention. Great pains are taken to ensure that these horses should not get into bad hands and we think those that are shot are those for whom such a guarantee could not be obtained.—ED.]

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Spreading the Light

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

My congratulations (and personal gratitude) on the reduced price of your highly *truthful* paper.

I am one of those very patriotic people who send your paper to the "Outposts" of our Empire, having many fast friends in Australia, Canada, Africa (South Africa). Recently I have had to "pull in" in sending so many, as I simply could not afford the 6d. for so many copies. Now I have begun to buy up several and post them off to my very patriotic Overseas friends.

I have been one of your subscribers for some time past. You have a steadfast disciple to your Petition to our very beloved young King. We in Australia just worship him and look upon him as a beloved Son.

In to-day's (June 13th) copy *Historicus's* article is magnificent. God keep us from the fate of Spain!

Many more people are buying the *Saturday Review*. It is vital for England that it should have millions of readers.

A. L. FARMER, F.I.L.

53, Abbey Road,
St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

Good Work Rewarded

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

You may have read in to-night's "Evening Standard" of my narrow escape from being involved in the collapse of some scaffolding at the corner of Charterhouse Street and Ely Place, this morning. This was entirely owing to five seconds spent in purchasing a copy of the *Saturday Review*, which space of time was responsible for my very fortunate escape.

You will see, therefore, your good works are not only confined to excellent criticisms of some of our leaders, as in this instance, I have to thank you for my having avoided what might have been a fatal accident.

HAROLD K. HALES, ex-M.P. for Hanley.

12th June, 1936.

Pro Patria

Dear Madam, you ask us to write,
Expressing opinions and views,
Whether it be to indict,
Or to portion out praises and ducs.

To us 'tis a matter of note
That now, for two pennies each week,
One can purchase a stiff antidote
To doctrines Bolshevically bleak.

For know you that many a one,
All amazed by tumultuous cries,
Cannot plan how his course should be run,
Or extract the plain truth from the lies.

Plain, plainly you put it, dear mar'm;
Too plainly for some folk we know;
Go on, and more power to your arm,
But remember, we haven't much dough!

So if you could make it the same
For all time as you're charging us now,
Well, we'll show the Bolsheviks the game,
And the right way to play it. And how!

ENVOI

No matter though small minds decry,
We're certain you've done the right thing;
And the Empire shall echo your cry:
"All Britons for God and their King!"

Ealing, W.5.

ROB THE RHYMER.

A Splendid Paper

SIR,—I do hope Lady Houston will be able to see her way to continue selling the *Saturday Review* for twopence.

It is a splendid paper, fearless and truthful and I am sure thousands and thousands of new readers will buy it at the reduced price who could not afford it before.

Lady Houston's steady patriotism is a beacon light in a fog of despair and is the only thing which gives courage to those who love their country but have given up hope of ever finding a leader worthy to steer this great Empire of ours through its many difficulties.

T. H. ADAMS.

Worcester.

The Penalty of Truth

DEAR MADAM,—

I am glad that the price of the *Saturday Review* has been reduced to 2d. if only temporarily and I sincerely trust the experiment will be permanent. There are many hundreds like myself who cannot pay 6d. in addition to our daily papers and I am confident that any temporary loss will be more than compensated for in the near future besides bringing one of our few truthful periodicals within the reach of everyone.

With regard to the political situation, very few people realise that the Statesman of last century has given way to the Self-Seeker and Party Politician of this, who will promise anything, no matter how absurd and preposterous, at elections, knowing full well that he has not the power, even if he had the will, to carry out his promises.

An ex-Cabinet Minister has declared "that if anyone spoke the truth in the House of Commons to-day, he would be instantly hounded out! More than thirty years ago, the late Lord Charles Beresford, but for whom we should have no Navy to-day, publicly asked "Of what use is any government which, instead of leading and guiding the nation, has to be kicked into action to do anything at all?"

To-day we are cursed with Empire Wreckers who will stick at nothing until they have wrecked the Empire which God has given us, unless we choose to awake to this fact while there is yet time.

ALEXANDER M. GIFFORD.

25, Granville Park, S.E.13.

NOTICE.

Now that the "Saturday Review" is selling at 2d. there is a huge demand for the paper. In order to make sure of obtaining a copy each week, readers are requested to fill in the order form set out below and send it to their newsagent.

If your newsagent cannot supply the "Saturday Review" please send his name and address to the Publisher, The Saturday Review, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

18-20, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

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Commencing with next issue, please deliver to me each week a copy of "The Saturday Review."

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England's Polo Chances

By David Learmonth

THE postponement of the second match for the Westchester Cup should be in our favour.

It should allow the English team, which suffered from lack of cohesion during the first game, to get in some much-needed practice together. This, weather permitting, the Hurlingham Committee have taken pains to provide.

The first match at Hurlingham was thrilling, and everyone must have admired the dogged determination of our players who, although nearly always behind, never got their tails down and at the end only succumbed by the narrowest margin. Saturday's game should be just as exciting, and the Hurlingham stands, which had too many empty seats on the first occasion, should be packed.

There is little doubt that the main reason for the disappointing attendance was the universal feeling that the match would be a walk-over for America. The English team had not done well in practice matches, added to which the services of Hanut Singh had been lost at the last minute owing to an accident, which necessitated the bringing back of Major Guinness and the reshuffling of our side.

Americans Rattled

Nevertheless, though we may have lost a little in combination, I am convinced that we lost nothing in individual play by this change of players. Major Guinness played brilliantly at back, and his goal from an almost impossible angle on the near side of his pony will long be remembered.

It is possible that our players on Wednesday played a little above their normal form; we shall know more about this after to-morrow. They did, however, prove that the American team-work can be broken up under high pressure; for, in spite of the visitors' long and accurate hitting, they undoubtedly became flustered and disorganised at one period of the game. However, three quick goals gave them back their confidence, though at no time did they dominate the play.

My impression, however, was that this American side, though the members of it played more together than we did, has not that machine-like efficiency of the last side which came over here under the captaincy of Mr. Devereux Milburn. That American team always appeared to me super-human; this one is very definitely mortal. It must be remembered, however, that the side which is playing is probably not the best which America could put in the field. On paper Mr. T. Hitchcock is still the world's best player, though whether he actually is in practice I do not know. Certainly Cecil Smith is the best American player in England, and he is not a member of the team.

Having got so near to beating the Americans and having revealed their weaknesses, it remains to be seen whether we can go one better. If we are again defeated it will be for two main reasons, a

slight inferiority in ponies and lack of team-work.

To use the word "ponies" seems rather ridiculous in these days. Mr. Winston Guest has one that stands sixteen-one hands high and another that is very little smaller. Still, "ponies" they shall be, and let me say at the outset that I thought during the parade that one or two of ours were not quite so fit as they might have been for such an occasion. Still, appearances are often deceptive.

Nevertheless, some of our ponies, notably Mr. Tyrrell Martin's, "blew up" before the end of the chukkers and more than once our side was only too glad to end the period and change ponies. The main reason for this undoubtedly was that on the whole the American ponies were faster than ours, with the result that while they could be ridden within themselves ours had to be ridden out at full pressure. Major Guinness's ponies came in for some criticism in the press and certainly two of them seemed to fall short of international standards, though one of these could gallop; but it seemed that, taking the game as a whole, Mr. Tyrrell Martin was the worst mounted, some of the ponies he played seeming very slow.

For financial reasons it is difficult to blame anyone for the ponies. They are the best which England can produce at the moment and have been lent unselfishly by players from all over the country.

Combination Essential

With regard to team-work, however, it does seem that with better organisation an improvement could be made, though I fully appreciate the difficulties. Mr. Balding, for instance, does not live in England, nor could he very well do so for an extended period unless he disposed of his business interests. Yet he is indispensable to our side. Major Guinness's loss of form at the beginning of the season and the consequent substitution of Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, who at the end was unable to play, was another handicap.

But the fact remains that, while the American team and its reserves were together at Norton and elsewhere, some of the members of the English team were playing in different sides in handicap tournaments. Surely arrangements could have been made for the English team, so far as unavoidable alterations allowed, to play together until the first of the international matches?

As it was, on too many occasions we saw two of our side going for the ball at the same time with the result that they muddled each other, and if one of them did get it there was no one for him to pass it to. It is impossible to expect the finest players in the world to combine together as a perfect team without consistent practice together.

The first match showed that we have the individual players. It will be a pity if we lose the second through lack of co-ordination.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

A Mixed Bag

By the Literary Critic

WITH the variety of books that come the reviewer's way week after week, his lot cannot be said to be in any way dull. This week I propose dealing with the contents of a recent "mixed bag."

First and foremost there is that wholly delightful chronicle of a sailor's life in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I, entitled "Ramblin' Jack: The Journal of Captain John Cremer" (transcribed by R. Reynell Bellamy, Cape, 7s. 6d.).

The gallant Captain, who began writing his "Rodamantaram Historey of My Life" when he was 68, started going to sea at the age of eight and, as was to be expected, his education was of the scantiest.

He makes no pretence of knowledge that he does not possess and apologises to his reader for his truly amazing spelling.

Eighteenth Century Sea Fight

The charm of this old Journal, which has been rescued from obscurity by a descendant of its author, lies in its completely ingenuous simplicity and the authentic pictures it presents of the eighteenth century seaman's life both at sea and on shore.

In John Cremer's day the Navy and the mercantile marine were, of course, very closely allied, men and even ships frequently passing from one service into the other. This was his own experience, for he spent some five years in the Navy before joining his first merchant ship.

Here is his account of his first sea fight:—

"The Capn. of us had the Gout then, but he was cleated in his chair to ye Deck abaft the Wheale on the quarter-deck, and gave orders to his Adicons to tell ye Leuts not to be anyways in a hurry.

"The poor Capn. had the legs of his chair shot off under him, and he on his bak daming and sinking, 'Fiar anyhow; keep firing!' was his word."

Two Autobiographies

Autobiographies are rarely so frank and self-revealing as that which Mrs. Mabel Lethbridge embarked upon first in "Fortune Grass" and now in "Against the Tide" (Geoffrey Bles, 8s. 6d.).

This victim of the slings and arrows of misfortune makes no effort to hide her own failings of temperament and character. Rather she seems almost to glory in impressing them upon her readers' minds. And she tells her story with such an intensity of feeling that it is impossible not to be affected by some at least of her own sufferings and excitement.

It would hardly perhaps need a Sherlock Holmes, for whom the author of "Anonymous: 1871-1935" (Murray, 12s. 6d.) professes a deep affection, to discover the identity of this pleasingly discursive champion of the "naughty nineties" and Victorian Bohemia.

One at least of the photographic reproductions,

if not a reference here or there in the text, provides an ample clue. The author is guilty of a few minor errors of fact, but these do not in any way mar the interest of her vivacious comments on the theatrical and literary world in which she has moved.

Bleak, Inhospitable Regions

Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., divides his year into two busy halves: one devoted to high pressure lecturing on behalf of the Alaskan mission of his Church; the other spent in exploring a particularly inhospitable region of Alaska which contains the largest active volcanoes in the world and is extraordinarily susceptible to wild and sudden storms.

It is this region which gives the title to his simply and cheerily written book, "Cradle of Storms" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). Here he tells us of his exploring adventures (which incidentally are illustrated by some remarkably fine photographs).

Lapland is another inhospitable region where storms "still rage with undiminished power." At least that is what Dr. Einar Wallquist says in treating us to a series of illuminating pen pictures of this northern province of Sweden ("Can the Doctor Come?" translated from the Swedish, Hodder and Stoughton, illustrated, 10s. 6d.).

Conditions in Lapland are far better than they were fifteen years ago when Dr. Wallquist first went there and found that the only provision made for the destitute was to farm them out by auction, and "those who looked as if they were small eaters had the greatest number of bidders."

But even to-day, it seems, "the care of the sick in this thinly populated region within the Arctic Circle still offers immeasurable difficulties."

Polo and Cricket

Polo is a game that is exceedingly ancient so far as the East is concerned—it dates back in Persia to 525 B.C.—and comparatively modern judged by its records in Europe and America.

This and other facts, as well as much sound advice about the game, are set out in the latest addition to the Lonsdale Library ("Polo," by the Earl of Kimberley, Brig.-Gen. G. Beresford, Brig.-Gen. R. L. Ricketts and others, Seeley Service, 25s.).

General Ricketts is responsible for fifteen of the twenty-nine chapters, and one has no hesitation in saying that what he writes in particular on the subject of the importance of pace in tactics will command the liveliest interest in polo circles, especially at this time of the Westchester Cup contest.

Cricketers all the world over will accord the warmest welcome to Frank Woolley's cricketing reminiscences ("The King of Games," illustrated, Stanley Paul, 6s.).

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND—Continued

Some Fine Novels

A VERY warm welcome is assured to the publication in one volume (entitled "The Flax of Dream") of Mr. Henry Williamson's famous four-book saga, "The Beautiful Years," "Dandelion Days," "The Dream of Fair Women" and "The Pathway." These four books constitute one long novel, and it is appropriate that they should now appear under one cover at the moderate price of 8s. 6d. The publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber, state that this single volume contains the author's final revisions of his masterpiece.

By a curious coincidence three of the best novels I have recently read are concerned with excessively dominant or exacting personalities. These are Miss Richmal Crompton's "Caroline" (Macmillan), Miss E. M. Delafield's "Faster! Faster!" (Macmillan) and Mr. C. E. Lawrence's "The Old Lady."

The first two present examples of an unconscious selfishness that proceeds from a love of power and an overpowering devotion to self-imposed duty, while the third reveals the tyranny of a pampered, difficult old lady to the cook-housekeeper who gives her such ungrudging and efficient service.

"Duke Street," by Michael Campbell (Methuen) is a first novel of outstanding merit. It is the story of the humour and pathos of slum life, told with a freshness and vigour that is wholly admirable. The characterisation is vivid and impressive.

The rivalry of farm and sea forms the theme of a slight but nevertheless strangely attractive tale, "The Sea's a Thief," by Ronald M. Lockley (Longmans). The scene is laid on the South Pembrokeshire coast in a small English colony that is a veritable "Little England beyond Wales."

"Sea View," by Norah C. James (Jarrolds), is a straightforward and readable seaside story of youthful romance, with the hostility of two hotel proprietors as the foil thereto.

Idyll and Fantasy

Mr. George Blake in his "David and Joanna" (Faber & Faber) gives us a very charming summer idyll of two young lovers escaping from the dreariness and drabness of their town environment and pursuing their romance in more enchanting surroundings.

"Honeymoonshine," by James Oliver (Longmans), is a pleasing mixture of comedy and fantasy, with an underlying current of gentle satire. The hero, having imbibed several glasses of Vermouth in a Parisian café, suddenly decides that he must marry a Frenchwoman to give him the right atmosphere for his book on France. The result is a surprising set of adventures till he has learnt "the real, the deep happiness of marriage, that of submitting without reservation to the authority of a woman. He was resolved to be good."

"Sinbad" needs no introduction as the spinner

of convincing sea yarns, and "Sailors Do Care" (Harrap) is a collection of some of his best short stories.

"Entr'acte," by Vladimir Koshernikoff (translated by Danys Oglander, Cobden-Sanderson, 6s.) is a clever psychological study of a woman who sacrificed her romance to her musical career.

A story that starts by introducing us to the heroine in her middle age and then goes back to her earlier history has its drawbacks from the point of view of the reader. But Mr. Gideon Clark successfully exploits this rather risky method in his "Right Honourable Lady" (Nicholson & Watson), and indeed manages by it somehow to convey an added sense of reality to his "life" of this woman Cabinet Minister.

Adventure, Crime and Mystery

Colonel Graham Seton Hutchinson has brought his hero of "The W Plan" out of his retirement in the Atlas Mountains region to take part in another exciting series of adventures and to rescue the British Empire from the perils confronting it. Readers of "Scar 77" (Rich & Cowan) may look forward to experiencing plenty of thrills.

Another skilful writer of adventure tales in which romance also plays its part is Mr. Angus MacVicar. Glasgow and the Mull of Kintyre once more figure in his new story, "The Ten Green Brothers" (Stanley Paul), wherein the plots of sinister conspirators are ultimately foiled through the dogged and courageous persistence of a Scotch journalist.

"Interval Ashore," by Horton Giddy (Cape), has the stamp of actual experience about its adventures of a Naval Officer in Southern Russia during that time of horror and confusion when Whites were fighting a losing battle against the Reds and British warships and merchantmen were busily engaged in succouring the victims of Bolshevik vengeance. Mr. Giddy has obviously caught the atmosphere of the time and scene.

Mr. Denis Meadows also has brought his personal knowledge and experience of the Near East to bear on the story he has to tell in "The Greek Virgin" (Melrose) of love, politics and guerrilla warfare in an island of the Aegean Sea.

A Public School is the background for Miss Faith Wolseley's clever and ingeniously worked out mystery story, "Which Way Came Death" (Murray). The Headmaster's wife is a delightfully drawn character.

Mr. Clifton Robbins in his "Murder by 25" (Thornton Butterworth), in addition to offering his readers an ingenious murder puzzle, leads his hero for their benefit into many strange and startling adventures.

The latest volume in Messrs. Hutchinson's Century series is "A Century of Ghost Stories" (3s. 6d.). This comprises some 43 stories by old and modern writers and, like all the Century books, is truly wonderful value for the money.

THEATRE NOTES

"The Fugitives"

Apollo Theatre

By Walter Hackett.

ONCE again Walter Hackett offers for our entertainment the perfect vehicle for the particular talents of his wife, Miss Marion Lorne. This time we have pirate, jewel thieves, revolutionaries, drugged drinks, hair-breadth escapes and all the necessary adjuncts to an exciting and amusing evening at the theatre. The play is cleverly constructed, with several quite unexpected developments, and the dialogue is amusing. It is well produced by the author and Tom Reynolds. They are particularly well served by the large cast led by the inimitable Marion Lorne, with Godfrey Tearle and Edwin Styles as her chief protagonists. I have no intention of revealing any of the intricate plot, for to do so might quite easily spoil the fun of seeing "The Fugitives" for yourselves.

"The King's Leisure"

Daly's Theatre

By Edith Savile and John Carlton.

THERE is, it is said, nothing new under the sun, but it would be refreshing to see from time to time some original trimmings to hackneyed situations. This refreshment is, alas, not offered us in "The King's Leisure" at Daly's Theatre. We find a king arriving incognito at an aristocratic house-party, the other guests being the host's two girl friends, his aunt who is there to "vet" the said girl friends, his dissolute brother who is the king's friend and a wealthy lord. Of course, the girl friends fall in love with the wrong men, money disappears during a game of "chemmy," the wrong person nobly takes the blame, and the King steps forward gallantly to put all the wrongs right.

Helen Haye as Aunt Honoria gave the finished performance which we have come to expect of her and which made certain other performances appear to be almost amateurish. She, aided and abetted by Nora Swinburne as one of the girl friends, did their best to raise the play from the mediocre but, alas, the odds were against them. There was, however, an excellent cameo by Jane Welsh as secretary to the aristocratic host.

"Winter Sunshine"

Royalty Theatre

By G. S. Thomas.

"WINTER Sunshine" is a well-written play of ordinary life aboard a passenger ship and covers a voyage to Australia via the Red Sea and Bombay. It introduces a Retired Colonel, an Ex-Proprietress of a Birmingham Hotel, a Man blinded in the War, a Girl hating herself and the World, and an Experienced Woman Traveller who sees and hears everything and, being a Romantic, works to make everyone happy. Incidentally, she frustrates the efforts of the Blind Man who, trading upon his infirmities, lives on the sympathies—and money—of susceptible women. There is also, of course, the nucleus of everyday passengers and Ship's Captain, Stewards, Sailors, etc.

The play goes with a swing, and the dialogue is excellent. The whole cast was admirable, and it seems invidious to single out individual performances. Athene Seyler was superb as the Romantic Observer who put everything right, and Nicholas Hannen was just right as the Blind Man. Archibald Batty, Mignon O'Doherty, Janet Burnell and James Gibson were all excellent in their respective characterisations. A thoroughly enjoyable evening to be sure.

"Rain After Seven"

Arts Theatre Club

Joyce Dennys

IN "Rain after Seven" Joyce Dennys has contrived an interesting and amusing play in which the clash between the somewhat uncouth Australian farmer and the correct and conventional suburban Londoner is particularly well-drawn. Her characterisations are first-rate, her situations are natural and her dialogue is easy. Miss Dennys was extremely well served by a most competent cast and an able producer. Space will not permit individual mention of either, but for my part I should be more than pleased to see this production as it stands billed for a run in the West End.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening.

"No More Peace!"

Gate Theatre Studio

Ernst Toller

NOTHING is easier to satirise than modern life, with its confusion of political ideas, its petty squabbles, its Red Flags and its black, green and blue shirts. When, as Ernst Toller does, one drags in Napoleon, St. Francis of Assisi, Noah and Socrates, it is quite simple to make modern conditions seem even sillier than they are.

The trouble about Ernst Toller is that he has very little to say and that what does appear to be on his mind has been better expressed by more able satirists, among whom I would include Professor Stephen Leacock. To the unsophisticated it is no doubt deliciously funny to see Napoleon betting St. Francis five shillings that he can start a war on the earth by the simple means of despatching a celestial telegram, and the groundlings were vastly amused when Socrates was thrown into prison for being Socratic.

To the seasoned playgoer, however, all this was very thin stuff and very poor satire. There were laughs here and there, but they were mostly of the nursery variety. As a concession to popular taste, which as everyone knows is controlled by the film industry, there was a half-hearted attempt to introduce a love interest, an attempt which failed lamentably both in conception and execution.

Warren Jenkins was a likeable Noah, Clare Brocklebank an intriguingly flighty angel and George Benson a pleasantly half-witted Socrates. Alexander Sarnier, as Napoleon, had my sincere sympathy, as had Gavin Gordon, who seemed unaccountably to have strayed from a modern clothes version of the Beggar's Opera.

The music by Herbert Murrill was quite the best thing of the evening and was irreproachably played by the composer and Antony Spurgin on two pianos. Apart from this it was a waste of time.

C.S.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel, Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat to Sun., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 30. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Riggs Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; bathing, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst., 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, bathing, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budeck Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 20. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2539. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good, fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 45 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., £4/-; Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 53; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel. Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 8 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed, 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed, 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-; Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each, per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bayhill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS HOTEL, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-; Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-; Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE HOTEL, Cliff Road. Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat to Mon., 25/-; Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-; Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

HERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3-4 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop. Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOSWOLD, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, 4 miles. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-; Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

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LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA HOTEL, Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., £3 10/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL ARGYLL.—Ardshealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-; G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0367 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash racket.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Liddington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden, Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 30/-; G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park, 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 66, Belaise Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din. 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-; Golf, 2 miles. Putting green bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun. 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond, 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from 23 17/6; W.E., Sat to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., £2 to 57/-; Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W..—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-; Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 4 to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

GERMANY.—Read the facts about Germany's desire for peace and general recovery. Free Literature in English from Dept. S, Deutscher Fichtebund, Hamburg 36, Jungfernstieg, 30.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia's Goodwill Gesture to Holland

From an Australian Correspondent

TO the many tasks for which he came to London, and the others which have arisen while he has been abroad, there has been added the rôle of special envoy to the diverse activities of the Australian Attorney-General, Mr. Robert Menzies, K.C.

He is now in Holland on a special mission to the Dutch Government, having flown there as their guest.

No political significance attaches to the visit; the Attorney-General's purpose can best be described as an act of neighbourliness to mark the cordial relations which long have existed between Holland and the Commonwealth and the Dutch possessions in the East Indies.

While representative Australians have been in Holland to deal with questions of trade, it is many years since there has been any official exchange of courtesies. The Commonwealth, therefore, readily fell in with the suggestion of the Dutch Government that a Ministerial visit was desirable.

I shall be surprised if the patient and enterprising Dutch do not take the opportunity, during the visit of Mr. Menzies, to raise anew their appeal to be allowed to extend their air service from the East Indies to Australia.

Dutch navigators were among the discoverers of Australia, but did not realise the treasure they had found. Holland is anxious that her aviators should join in developing the communications that her seamen helped to establish between the New World and the Old.

To the many tempting offers already made by Holland to the Commonwealth to share in the benefits of her airway to the East, Australia always has replied that the exploitation of her overseas aerial services was the prerogative of the Empire.

It was for this reason that the contracts drawn up for the first England-Australia service specified that not only men and machines, but capital, should be 100 per cent. British.

On this basis, and with an agreement for the improvement of the Empire services drawing nearer after months of negotiation, there would seem to be little chance for the expansion of Dutch enterprise. But Holland is looking forward to the time when there is freedom of the air as well as of the seas.

The present position is that the Royal Dutch Airline's fast machines travel twice a week from Amsterdam to Batavia. Traffic is restricted by the comparatively small scope offered at her Eastern terminus.

Permission to create a link between Batavia, Darwin and the Australian

capitals would enable the Dutch to compete for the increasing passenger and freight traffic offering from Australia to Europe, even if Australia remained always adamant in her refusal to grant main contracts to a foreign airline.

How far the situation will be altered by the employment of the large new Empire flying-boats on the route to Australia remains to be seen, but, under the present system, mail loads have been so heavy that some prospective passengers between Australia and England have had to have their bookings refused.

Offers of a service at a much lower figure than Imperial enterprise could afford to quote have so far left Australia unswerving in her allegiance to British aviation.

But the Dutch, in their friendly and efficient way, are still endeavouring to induce Australia to share her large and potentially larger air-traffic market with Britain.

I remember Jonkheer Maitre de Marees van Swinderen, the Dutch Minister in London, telling the Australian High Commissioner that if only his Government would allow Dutch machines to fly on to Darwin, they would gladly abandon their traditional ornithological nomenclature and call the first one to land on Australian soil the Stanley Melbourne Bruce!

Mr. De Valera's New Promise

By G. Delap Stevenson

MR. DE VALERA is promising the Free State a brand new constitution by the autumn. What it will be nobody yet knows.

Some suggest that he will at last produce the republic of which he has talked so long, others think it will be just another form of the present quasi-republic.

At any rate there is likely to be a general election about it, and plenty of anti-British fervour!

The final abolition of the Senate was the occasion for the announcement of the proposed new constitution.

The Senate has been dying a lingering death for the last two years, and on May 28th it was at last put out of its misery by a Bill in the Dail which said that its abolition should be "deemed" to have been passed by both Houses, though actually the Senate has refused to take part in its own destruction.

Though he has abolished the Senate which was a check to him, and, like the Governor-General, savoured of the British connection, Mr. de Valera is not so sure about a one-chamber government.

He would probably not object to a docile second chamber and he has proposed that the opposition join in

a committee to consider possible plans.

So far the United Ireland Party are being rather wary of the suggestion. They may be allowed to play with the second chamber, and take the blame for it if it proves unpopular, but there does not seem to be any chance of their being able to affect the constitution as a whole.

The new constitution may, of course, be still born. Proposed constitutions often are, but if it does come off it is not likely, whatever its form, to make much difference to the real relations between the Free State and Great Britain.

This is fixed by two things, anti-British feeling on the one hand, which has become a sort of vested interest in Irish politics, and on the other hand the indissoluble geographical and historical connection between England and Ireland.

In spite of all the talk of a republic Irish trade is benefiting immensely from the coal-cattle pacts, air lines between Dublin and England have just been opened with a flourish, and there is a very considerable emigration from Ireland to England, quite a number of young Irishmen actually finding their way into the British forces.

Across the border in Ulster there is indignation at what they call the "impudent" commission.

This commission is an unofficial one of English lawyers, rather on the lines of the famous "court of inquiry" held in London on the Reichstag fire. It has been organised by a group calling themselves the National Council for Civil Liberties, and it has declared the Ulster Government to be a dictatorship which tyrannously crushes opposition by means of the Special Powers Acts of 1922 and 1933.

Sir Dawson Bates, the Ulster Minister for Home Affairs, points out that these special powers are very necessary to deal with the revolutionary organisations against which they are directed, and that they do not interfere with the liberty of any law-abiding citizen.

In the Free State, of course, special public safety measures are also in force to combat the same organisations, and a Military Tribunal is at present investigating the activities of the Irish Republican Army in connection with the murder of Vice-Admiral Somerville.

The truth is that Ireland is in a state of chronic civil war, a condition so foreign to English experience that Englishmen cannot realise what it means.

The Irish Republican Army is no figment of the nerves. In fact men are now on trial in Belfast on the charge of having held an I.R.A. court-martial, like the English commission an unofficial court, but one with more sinister possibilities.

Hospital on Site of Old Fort

MONEY from bachelors has built a Maternity Home which has just been opened on the spot where the Pioneer Column built the first fort when they entered what is now Southern Rhodesia. The opening ceremony was performed by the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley.

The bulk of the public subscriptions necessary for the purpose was collected by the Loyal Women's Guild from unmarried men. The Government gave the land and £1,450 towards the building funds and the Trustees of the late Alfred Beit, the fairy godmothers of Rhodesia, gave £2,000.

Now, by means of local subscriptions and a grant from the State Lottery Trustees, the Home has been fully equipped and handed over to the public free of any liability. It is at Fort Victoria, near the Zimbabwé Ruins.

How They Travel in Rhodesia

THE English railways made a great effort to attract the tourist last year by ministering to his comfort in various novel ways, but they have a long way to go before they overtake the railways in Southern Rhodesia.

Passengers taking round tour excursions in that Colony travel in astonishing comfort. The purchase of a ticket includes a bed, meals, the cleaning of boots, hot shaving water, and electric flat-irons for the convenience of the ladies. Cars containing lunch baskets meet the trains at points of particular scenic or historical interest, to carry the passengers out for a closer view.

Not more than two persons are put in any one compartment or more than one in a coupé. Each compartment contains a wash basin and running water. The only "extra" to the fare is the cost of a "sundowner"—or iced whisky and soda—with which it is the custom, with some, to salute the dying day.

Apart from the railways there has been a substantial rise in the number of new motor cars registered in Southern Rhodesia during 1935.

New commercial vehicles registered last year increased by thirty-three per cent. as compared with 1934, and fifty-seven per cent. with 1933.

It is curious that the number of new motor cycles registered in 1935 dropped by a half. The probable explanation is the improvement in country roads and in the general prosperity of the Colony. It should also be borne in mind, however, that the tax on motor vehicles being one pound a wheel, makes the saving effected under this head of much less importance than in the United Kingdom.

Education in Rhodesia

THE fetish of the "Matric." has been attacked by Mr. A. F. B. Fox, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, who, at the invitation of the Government of Southern Rhodesia, has been investigating the educational system of that Colony.

"It was a heartening experience," says Mr. Fox in his report, "to meet the Chamber of Commerce in Salisbury and Bulawayo and hear the opinion of these business men. They expect their recruits to come to them equipped, not with a matriculation certificate, but with evidence of a good general education. If the Government could see its way to give a lead in that direction when making appointments to the Civil Service, the notion that matriculation is the only hall-mark of education would soon be dispelled from the public mind."

The absurd wastefulness and gross unfairness of withholding a certificate from a boy who may be brilliant in several important subjects but mediocre in only one is obvious to many. Yet without a matriculation certificate the entrance to many avenues of employment is barred.

Wings over Africa

Southern Rhodesia has Sixty Landing Grounds

AVIATION is making remarkable strides in Southern Rhodesia, which is destined to play an important part in the general scheme of Imperial flying.

In his Report for 1935, the Director of Civil Aviation refers to new and important mail and passenger services connecting Nyasaland and Portuguese territory with the Colony where, by the year's end, there were sixty aerodromes and landing grounds.

The scheme, initiated under the ægis of the Beit Trustees, of constructing emergency landing grounds on the main aerial routes is nearing completion and it is hoped to construct a further 175 landing grounds at the more important centres during the current year. A machine flying along the route followed by Imperial Airways is even now never more than twenty-five miles from an emergency or other type of landing ground.

A Flying School is engaged in training a number of pilots for the Southern Rhodesian Defence Air Unit.

During the year fifty-seven air pilots' and ground engineers' licences were granted or renewed.

New Discovery of Wolframite

A DISCOVERY of considerable importance to the Empire has been made in Southern Rhodesia.

Wolframite has been found. It is a tungstate of iron and manganese and occurs as a black ore of jet-like brilliance and is used in the manufac-

ture of armaments and steel. Only one per cent. is needed for profitable working.

The milling tests of the new discovery have given a far better showing than this, the property producing Wolframite to the value of £10,000 from a sampling mill during its prospecting stage. Some of the samples were unusually rich and quite up to exhibition standard.

The "find" is about a dozen miles south of the great Wankie Coalfields, which visitors to the Victoria Falls pass on their way from Bulawayo, and the London Company that has taken over the mine has pegged claims along some forty-five miles of "strike."

These Ancients were Millionaires

MR. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, once United States Ambassador to England, a celebrated mining engineer whose death has been announced, was years ago employed on a strange job by Cecil Rhodes.

Hammond was asked, in 1894, to examine the prehistoric gold mines of what is now Southern Rhodesia. His report was as follows:—

"That many of the rock mines in this country were undoubtedly ancient.

"That the oldest rock mines showed by far the greatest skill in mining and were the largest and deepest.

"That there has been periods in mining, marked by lapses and sudden cessations in operations, each successive period showing a falling off in skill, in depth reached, in nature of the rock worked and in extent of reef extracted.

"That the skill in mining displayed on the oldest mines was beyond the capacity of any negroid or Bantu people to evolve or carry on and was exactly as in ancient mines in Asia.

"That from the oldest mines not only had many scores of millions of pounds worth in modern value of gold been extracted, but the gold so won had been exported from the country and never used locally.

"That Bantu people had for some centuries back, down to relatively recent times, mined not for gold but for iron and copper only; but this was confined to outcrops of reefs and shallow scratchings on the surface and shows a most crude, careless method of securing and treating the ores."

In 1897 Mr. Telford Edwards, another consulting mining engineer of high repute, confirmed Mr. Hammond's findings and, moreover, estimated that, from the number, size, length and depth, and the values of the ores extracted, the ancient workings had produced—on a 50 per cent. reduced estimate of ores owing to the absence of modern reduction plant—gold to the present value of anything between 75 million and 150 million sterling.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Founding of South Australia
By Professor A. P. Newton

THE years of peace that followed the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 were a time of great distress and hardship for the middle and lower classes in Great Britain.

Unemployment was rife and sickness and even starvation were so common that the thoughts of every responsible person were moved to seek for some means of alleviation.

There were then few or none of the social agencies that have lightened the burden of the similar depression of our own time.

Among the measures that were proposed to cope with the distress, emigration schemes filled a prominent place and attempts began as early as 1819 to systematise and assist the spontaneous flow of emigrants across the ocean which was increasing from year to year.

Most of the emigrants who went out at their own expense found their way to British North America and the United States because the cost of the passage thither was less than to the new territories that had recently been added to the Empire in the southern hemisphere.

At that time the only settlements that had been founded in Australia were the penal colonies in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania), and only a mere trickle of free men went to those lands, because the Government were generally averse from the establishment of colonies of free men around the convict establishments.

But some public-spirited men believed that that was a mistaken

policy and looked to the southern lands of the Empire as the future home of a great new British community.

Such thoughts, however, were unsystematic and uncorrelated until they found a rallying-point in a man of great vigour and inspiring personality at the end of the 1820's.

The name of Edward Gibbon Wakefield is generally familiar, but emphasis is usually laid solely upon his theories of land settlement and his greatest contribution to the history of the Empire is often overlooked.

The economic theories that he preached with such vigour and such a wealth of pseudo-scientific argument were in many respects faulty and unsound, but his merit lay in the fact that he set other men thinking and rallied public opinion to the belief that assisted schemes of colonisation afforded an outstanding remedy for national ills.

When Wakefield began to put his ideas forward he soon gathered round him a band of colonial theorists who were anxious to put his theories into practice, but British North America flatly refused to have anything to do with them, and South Africa was barred by the troubles of the Kaffir wars.

Wakefield and his friends, therefore, turned to Australia. New South Wales could not offer a good field for their experiments because of the complications of the convict system, but on the coast of South Australia they found fertile regions which in 1828-9 were most favourably reported on by their explorer, Charles Sturt.

Under the lead of Colonel Robert Torrens, M.P., and a public-spirited financier, George Fife Angas, efforts were made to establish a joint-stock South Australian Company to put into practice the Wakefield principles of assisted emigration.



Edward Gibbon Wakefield, "Colonial reformer" and author of colonial land "Sufficient price" theory, whose colonisation schemes figure largely in Australian and New Zealand history.

The Colonial Office refused their application in 1831 because it was feared that the scheme would be certain to involve expense to the depleted British Treasury, and Wakefield set himself to arouse public opinion.

In place of the joint-stock scheme which had striven to secure support by promises of private profit, a South Australian Association was founded to attract subscriptions and emigrants by a purely philanthropic propaganda.

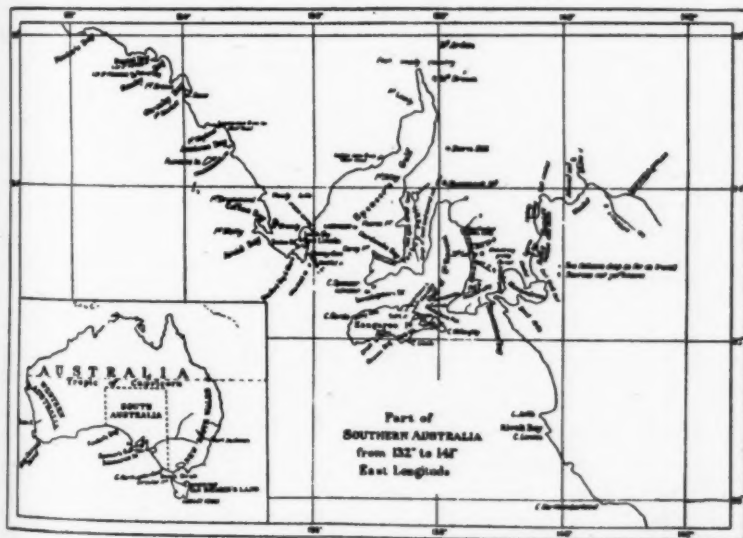
Within a few months the movement grew to large proportions and it excited such interest that at last the Government were compelled to give way, and in 1834 Parliament passed an Act to establish the "British Province of South Australia" to be inhabited wholly by free settlers and untouched by the convict taint that impeded the progress of New South Wales.

Within the next three years, while the scheme was being got ready, Wakefield quarrelled with his fellow-workers and cut adrift from the scheme, leaving as its true foster-father Angas, who managed to attract capital in the City of London to the amount of £320,000.

The first party of settlers went out in 1836 and began the settlement of the Adelaide plains, where the capital now stands.

The first five years were filled with difficulties and mistakes, but by 1841 there were 15,000 colonists at work.

Streams of pastoralists began to pour in with their flocks to find new pastures, and South Australia was launched on its successful career as the first Australian colony founded only on the labour of free settlers.



Map of part of South Australia, 1836, from first report of Colonisation Commissioners of South Australia. Adelaide was built on part marked "fertile land" on east shore of St. Vincent Gulf.

Fixed Interest Outlook

By Our City Editor

THOUGH the rise in the Discount rate to nearly 1 per cent. is largely due to special half-yearly and foreign influences the indications of slightly dearer money which it gives cannot be wholly ignored. There was a corresponding rise in bill rates a year ago, but not to the same extent as that which has now taken place, and yet gilt-edged stocks are now in some cases at higher levels than they were a year ago, although there has been an increase in the standard rate of income tax in the meantime with every prospect of a further increase to come.

The chief difficulty in assessing prospects for fixed interest securities lies in the mixture of politics with finance which confronts the investor. It is known to be essential to the Government's programme that "cheap money" should remain, but there is now less assurance of the Treasury's ability to maintain these conditions. Unless a degree of inflation is maintained, there is bound to be some curb on the financing of industrial requirements at home, and yet such a policy must weaken the position of all fixed interest securities in the long run. These holders of gilt-edged who are in a position to realise will not, one imagines, regret in a year's time their decision to do so. The problem of reinvestment remains and it is this problem which is enabling good class industrial concerns to issue preference shares at the moment on such favourable terms. But high as the prices of good-class industrial ordinary stocks and shares are at the moment their future both as regards income and capital appreciation appears more promising than that for fixed interest securities as a whole.

Cements and Others

Judging by the appreciation in the price of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers to over 92s. the investing public as well as the professional investing interests are coming to a realisation of the Company's prosperity. No company benefits by a big public works programme to a greater extent than Associated Cements, and the company is in such an impregnable financial position that the directors can now afford to adopt a more generous dividend policy. On the basis of last year's 20 per cent. payment the shares yield nearly £4 8s. per cent. and as the group is believed to be doing

record business at rather higher prices than last year, there is every prospect of a further dividend increase this year.

Another share which will be shortly attracting attention again is that of Crittall Manufacturing, the metal window and door makers who supply most of the big work of this nature. The company's shares have been written down to 5s. nominal and stand at about 26s. 6d. Earnings on the reduced capital amounted last year to over 70 per cent. and should a 30 per cent dividend be paid this year they would yield 5½ per cent. Obviously there is a speculative element here, but the chance of capital appreciation is all the more marked and earnings seem to justify expectation of satisfactory income.

Re-Enter America

The lurid quality of events in Europe has placed those in the U.S.A. completely in the shade of late but the latest Presidential push by the Middle-West cannot be ignored as a stock market factor. If America is to be ruled by the narrow interests of the Middle-West then her progress is to be seriously retarded, even more seriously than it has been by Mr. Roosevelt, and the world's progress will suffer accordingly. But much must happen before such an event can come about and American utilities appear quite a good speculation at the moment, particularly Consolidated Edison of New York around 36.

Handley Page Development

The report for the year 1935 of Handley Page, Ltd., one of the pioneer aircraft manufacturing firms, showed an increase in net profit, including that on investments, from £44,590 to £77,893 and the participating preference shares receive 20 per cent. against 15 per cent for 1934. The shares of the unusual denomination of 8s. and a comprehensive reorganisation of the capital structure is proposed whereby £2 of non-cumulative preference stock is to be issued in respect of every five 8s. shares held and reserves are to be capitalised in order to distribute to the preference shareholders 5s. of ordinary stock for every two existing 8s. shares. The scheme paves the way for expansion and development which will probably be needed on the financial side to meet the requirements of the active R.A.F. programme on which the company is now engaged. At the moment the capital consists of £206,644, of which all but £7,500 is in preference form so that the scheme will result in the ordinary capital being brought up to £124,465 as against preference capital of £209,144, a much more evenly balanced structure. At the present price of 37s. 6d. the preference shares return about 44 per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend which is better than that obtainable on most of the aircraft issues.

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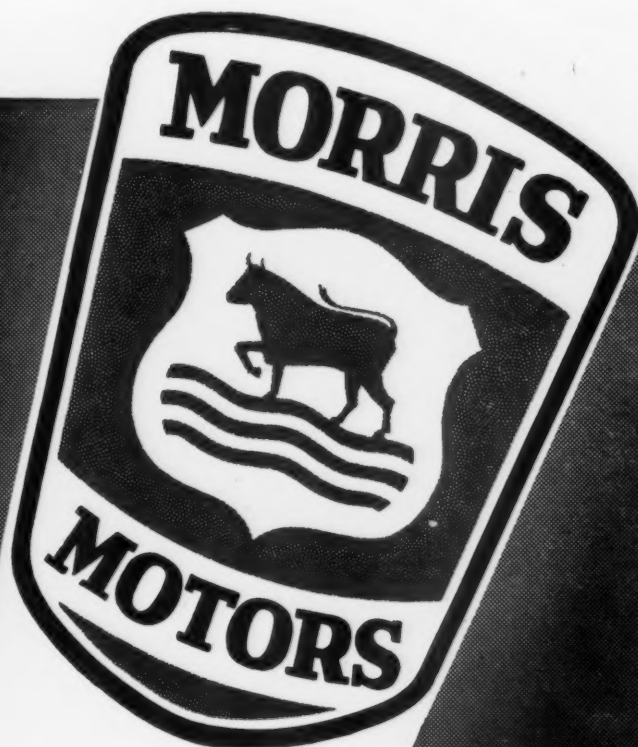
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CINEMA

Show Boat

BY MARK FORREST

UNDER the title of *Show Boat of 1936*, an old friend makes its reappearance at the Leicester Square and, judging by the crowds outside and inside the cinema, this entertainment is what the public wants. Personally, I find such wholehearted allegiance a little baffling, though the old tunes are still haunting and there is plenty of life and colour in the picture so long as the show boat forms the background.

Universal or Mr. Whale, who directs this film, or both, have, however, decided to modernise the end, and the efforts of the authors seem to me to be disastrous. By a series of coincidences, overlaid with a thick coating of sentimental slush, Magnolia, her daughter and her husband are dragged into a net together at the finish and, instead of Paul Robeson's voice, the audience is treated to a piece of banality difficult to match.

Before this last sequence is embarked upon, the film with its three or four excellent songs keeps moving at a good pace, but, as in the theatre, the high light is Paul Robeson's singing of *Ol' Man River*. On the screen the camera tricks out the music with allegory, and after he has finished the rest, good though a great deal of it is, is in the nature of an anti-climax.

Robeson "Cut"

Paul Robeson himself hardly opens his mouth again, and I should have thought that, if the producer wanted to tamper with the original, he should have concentrated on providing him with more material, instead of cutting even the reprise of what he has got.

The cast is extremely good, and it is due to them and the music that the film does not drag as much as it threatens to do. Apart from Paul Robeson, there are two excellent performances by Charles Winninger and Helen Westley; they have to look after what comedy there is and they get a great deal out of it. Irene Dunne's voice and acting are quite equal to the rôle of Magnolia. Allen Jones, as her husband, is not so satisfactory, but tenors on the film, the stage, or anywhere else very rarely are.

This film is a very long one and would not suffer if it were cut down by a quarter of an hour; its length will make it difficult for the provinces to show another feature picture with it, and I hope they won't try, but will be content to rely on a newsreel, a Mickey Mouse, and a "short" to make up the remainder of their programme.

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Commencing June 24th

"JANOSIK" (A) (Czechoslovakia's Robin Hood)

BROADCASTING

B.B.C. Training College!

BY ALAN HOWLAND

THE world has heard with delight that the B.B.C. is to establish a training college where future members of the staff will receive their initiation into the mysteries of broadcasting. The details of the scheme which have leaked out so far are somewhat meagre, so by the adoption of a simple disguise I have been able to steal a march on my fellow news-scavengers and present readers of the *Saturday Review* with some hitherto unpublished but duly authenticated facts.

In the first place the instructors will be selected from among the present members of the staff, and the choice will be confined to those who have Naval, Military or Air Force rank, that is to say all except the office boys and the canteen helpers. All instructors will call each other "Sir" except those of equal rank, in which case the correct mode of address will be "My Deah!" There is keen competition for the position of Commandant, which carries with it the right to remain seated on the entrance of any of the four Radio Knights. The final choice has not yet been made, but it is expected to fall on someone who has never seen a microphone, never devised a programme, but who will bring to his task a mind which is fresh and open.

A Stiff Course

The course will be a stiff one. The recruits will first be sent to Stonehenge, where they will do some intensive excavation in the hopes of unearthing some odd bits of early Bach or fossilised Brahms with which to strengthen the Foundations of Music. After this they will be furnished with a small pair of tweezers and put to the laborious task of inserting "r's" between Indian and African. This is delicate work, but will save the announcers a lot of trouble.

After spending a few days inventing aliases for artists whose names appear too frequently in the programmes, recruits will practise posing for the camera, granting interviews to the Press and getting their names into gossip columns.

The final touches will be given by an extensive world tour. They will, of course, visit Budapest in order to discover whether night is still falling on it or whether Mr. Maschwitz and Mr. Gielgud have succeeded in stopping all that sort of nonsense. Talent will be sought at Nice, Monte Carlo, Juan les Pins and Biarritz, and at last the recruit will receive his commission. No entrance exam. has as yet been devised, but I understand that, as at present, it will be based on the principle of "catch-as-catch-can."